Ambitious Slave:

OR, A

Generous Revenge,

A

TRAGEDY,

Acted at the

THEATRE ROYAL.

Written by E. SETTLE.

Tantæne Iræ.

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To the Honoured

John Bright Esq;

SIR,

WHen this Unfortunate Play implores Your Patronage, it is an Humble Addressor to You, even for that common English Humanity, as the Reception of a persecuted Refugee, hunted out of the World, and now a Shelterer under Your Hospitable Roof. And if Your Good Graces shall vouchsafe it that kind Entertainment, I Beseech You to look upon it as a forlorn Brat, turned out abroad under the Curse of those Sour Grapes, the Faults and Misfortunes of the unhappy Author. And really, under that Prejudice that lours upon me; I may truly say, could I pretend to never so great an Interest in the Muses, as that I am far from; I Plant but at a North-Wall, near that Fruitless Nursery, where I am certain to be Chill'd and Blasted: So miserable it is to live, where not one Beam smiles.

And indeed, a Poet, under a hard Name, groans beneath a perfect Turkish *Subjection, where Sentence and Execution are so wholly Arbitrary, that the Black Robe, and the Bow-string are sent him, without Process or Tryal. But the happier Favourite Quils, (Lord!) What Wonders can they perform! Can Write as the Famous* Witherington *Fought, upon their very Stumps. For,*

The Lucky have whole Days, and those they chuse.
Th' Unlucky have but Hours, and those they lose.

——*As a Poetick Oracle tells us.*

Poetry is so much the Creature of Favour, that 'tis not the Oar, but the Stamp that sets the value. A Darling Muse *shall make Medals of what an Abdicated Scribler shall hardly pass for Counters.*

But to leave this Melancholy Theme, the severity of this poor Plays Fortune, and change to a cheerfuller Cause; 'tis now Lodged in the hands of Mercy; for 'tis Dedicated to Worth and Goodness; Titles, so properly Your own; that to a Natural Candour, Sweetness of Temper, prideless Familiarity, and all that Generous

Disposition

Disposition of Mind, that warms where You Favour, and charms where You Converse; You have the Additional Acquisitions and Improvements of the most Generous Education too, as no small Superstructure upon so ample a Foundation. You challenge that bountiful Literature, a Feather not in every Gentlemans Crest, that we may trace Your Rich Fountain up to the Banks of Cham, *as nurtur'd and cherish'd no lyss by the Beams of an* Alma Mater, *than Your own smiling* Genius; *Insomuch that so truly accomplisht, You are equally furnisht as well for the Courtier as the Country Gentleman.*

And, faith, Sir, now I have named an English *Gentleman, he that with all the true Qualifications of Gentility, lives like Your self, above the World, Attendance and Dependance the* Cowlean *Curse far from his Door, a plentiful Estate his fair Field Argent, and a Bravery of Spirit to enrich that fair Coat, may be truly said to be more a Prince than he that fills a Throne: whilst free and uncontrould, within his own smaller Province of Command, he Reigns more Absolute, than the prouder Crowned Head in all his Realms and Territories, that larger Canton of the Globe; who besides his Cares and Fatigues*

(a

(a pain You feel not) wields but a shackled Scepter, under a bounded Dominion, and limited Sovereignty.

But whatever ample Theme Your Merit furnishes me, I dare not be too bold upon that subject: for Panegyricks are only acceptable Guests where there's Pride and Vanity to welcome and receive them. But so extraordinary a Modesty shines in You, that instead of attempting the Panegyrist, I must rather check the Publication of those fair Truths, though never so justly Your due, as knowing that You can easier deserve Encomiums than hear them; under which silencing Command upon me, I can only conclude with subscribing my self

Sir,

Your most Obedient,

And

Most Devoted Servant

E. SETTLE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Knight*.

TO Gain your favourable smile to Day,
What a hard Task has our Unhappy Play.
After so Rich a Feast of Wit before,
Our Course Fare, we fear's a Treat too Poor.
Yet let's Consider, half our fears to Ease,
What Constitutions 'tis we have to please,
You, who when some bright Celia *you've injoy'd,*
How have we seen you Surfeited and Cloy'd
With the possession of those fairer Charms,
Run to some Little Paltry Dowdies Arms?
Change, dear sweet Change!
There you run on so Fast, Siege, Battle, Storm:
Cou'd you your feats of War like those of Love perform,
All so many Young headlong Alexanders,
You'd make a Swinging Nursery for Flanders,
That brisk, bold, pushing Race! Lord what a Dance
Wou'd such a set of Heroes make in France.
Ah Sirs, so very Fickle in your Kisses,
Wou'd you treat Poets as you do your Misses,
Let Wit and Love your Equal Graces share;
Our humble Scribler then need ne'er Despair.
Ah no!——
A Poet may, perhaps, once in an Age,
Have the good fortune your kind hearts t'engage.
They gain your favours slow, but then they last.
Your kind Embrace they win and hold as fast.
With us, our Sex alone, to your disgrace
False Men, you're every day for a new Face.
Your Volatile Mercury *is all in Love*
We are the Mourning Turtles of the Grove:
You're those wild Strays, and fly so all at Rovers,
You're Beaus, Wits, Courtiers, every thing but Lovers;
Youth, Beauty, Virtue, all will do no good:
You're Constant every where, but where you shou'd.

ACTORS Names.

King *of* Persia,	Mr. *Bowman.*
Tygranes, *his Brother,*	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Orontes, *King of* Scythia,	Mr. *Powell.*
Briomar, *his Confident,*	Mr. *Freeman.*
Mirvan *a Persian Eunuch,*	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Amorin, *a Persian Lord.*	Mr. *Sybars.*

Women.

Herminia, *an Indian Princess, afterwards Queen of* Persia.	Mrs. *Knight.*
Clarismunda, *the King of* Persia's *Sister.*	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Celestina, *a Beautiful Scythian of unknown Birth.*	Mrs. *Barry.*
Rosalin, *her Confident.*	Mrs. *Leigh.*

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE the Frontiers of *Persia.*

THE Ambitious Slave; OR, A Generous Revenge.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Tygranes, Herminia, *and Attendants &c.*

Ty. WELL, Madam, I have play'd the faithfull Advocate,
Have woo'd and won the Worlds divineſt Beauty;
And with the glorious Prize return'd Triumphant,
I bring her to an envyed Brothers Arms.
But (Oh) the fatall Embaſſy! to crown
His Joys I've Martyrd mine.
Herm. Unkind *Tygranes*,
Theſe too ungratefull ſounds I muſt not hear.
Tygr. Not hear me! Is the Voice of Truth ſo frightfull!
Or ſtart your Ears at what your Eyes have done?
Oh cruell Brother, in Fates blackeſt hour
With thy commiſſion'd Love I went th' unhappy
Diſcoverer of that beauteous Coaſt of Paradice.
Yes, thou Fair Treaſury of Heav'n, I landed
Upon the Golden ſhore; Survey'd that All
Celeſtiall Fair, ineſtimable Brightneſs,
And laded back with the whole freighted Mine,
To plant this Jewell in a Brothers Crown,

I make him Lord, Lord of more Wealth, more Bliss
Then showring Heav'n e're pour'd on kneeling Man;
And my poor self the miserablest Wretch
That Ruine tumbled, or Despair e're swallowd.

Herm. Oh generous Prince, if all my blushing shame,
My aking heart, and bleeding Soul, for Thy
Poor suff'ring pains can be prevailing Gratons,
Recall thy banisht Peace.

Tygr. My Peace!

Herm. Thy Peace.
Let my imploring Pity beg it of thee:
Be thy great self, and let surmounting Reason
Put out this hopeless Fire. Droop not, but wait
A fairer Fate: The Guardian Gods of Virtue
Bid thee look up and hope; those great Rewarders
Of ever cherisht Honour, have no doubt
Reserv'd some worthyer Beauty for thy Arms.

Tygr. A second Wound, where those bright Eyes have kill'd!
No; fair Destroyer, do not flatter Death.

Herm. Cruell *Tygranes*, cease this fatal Language.
I sicken at the sound: Commanding Honour
Has scald my Ears, and I dare hear no more.

Tygr. Commanding Honour then shall be obey'd,
And you shall hear no more.
Yes, fair Commissioner of Fate, thou dear
All Angel Forme, I will repine no more.
Since I was born to wear thee to my Grave,
I but perform the Work of my Creation,
And 'tis my Glory to fulfill my Destiny.

[*Trumpets.*

But hark, the King! Now, Madam, Love and Empire
Come suppliant to your Feet; *Cyrus* proud Heir,
And fair *Herminia*'s prouder slave, comes blest
With all the Joys of a possessing Lover,
To circle that fair Brow with *Persia*'s Diadem.

Enter King *attended.*

King Welcome fair Star, descending Brightness welcome.
But oh—— Thus kneeling let me meet the mighty Bliss.
Kneel! Is that all! For every common Blessing
We pay that Gratitude. But when Heav'n gives Heav'n,
The blest Receiver with his bending Homage
And prostrate Soul makes but too poor Acknowledgment.

Tygr. Oh King, we Two divide the Stars; thine All
The smiling, all the blasting Planets mine. } *aside.*

King

King. But whilſt my Raviſht Soul at theſe dear feet,
All buiſy in the Count of thouſand Vows,
My Souls long hoarded ſum, to Soverain Love,
Their mighty Tribute pay, endebted Honor
Demands ſome payment too. My dear *Tygranes*,
Thou Champion of my Love, thou uſhering Phoſphor
To all my riſing Bliſs, my more then Brother,
Friend, All——oh let theſe gratefull Arms receive thee [*Embraces.*
But ha! what do I ſee! methinks I view
A Cloud hang on thy Brow.

Tygr. A Cloud, my King,
Would be a Bleſſing here: Indeed I want one.
For I have ſtood too near too near that Sun,
From the bright Beams of whoſe too fatal Fires
Oh for a Cloud, dark as my Grave, to ſhrowd me.

King. How, my *Tygranes*! Have *Herminia*'s Eyes
Brought me a Rivall home!

Tygr. A Rivall! No. Rivall's a Title for
Aſpiring Gazers, Beauties bolder Homagers;
Where kindled Hope, and warm Ambition burn;
A Name too towring for the loſt *Tygranes*.

King. In this ſurprizing Language——

Tygr. I have profan'd
Your Royall Ear; but the offending Criminall
(Pardon his Firſt Laſt Fault) ſhall Sin no more.
Here take this dazling Beauty to your Arms,
Take her adorn'd with all Loves thouſand Charms;
Myriads of Bliſſes ſtar your happy Nights
Thick as the Galaxy; and Angel Quires
Salute your ſmiling Days.

Herm. Virtue like Thine! [*aſide*

Tygr. And now if my ſmall Services deſerve it,
And this young Arm may be that bold Petitioner,
Grant me the Glory in your Royall Cauſe,
Againſt your Honours and your Kingdoms Foes
To wield a Sword. Yes ſend me to the Wars,
The walks of Death, and Scenes of Deſolation;
Far, far from Courts; that I may live remov'd
From thoſe deſtroying Eyes. For, oh, my King,
I would not ſtay within that dangerous Air
Where the leaſt Rebell Murmur may but riſe
To envy your fair Bliſs.

King. I am all Confuſion!

Tygr. So dear, ſo ſacred your Divine Felicity,
I wou'd not blot my Soul but with a Thought

My King can be too blest.

Herm. Oh Prince
Thy generous Goodness loads me with that shame
As fires my glowing Cheeks. But if thy heart
Thy poor lost Heart has play'd th' unhappy Fugitive
Into that barren Starving Feild of Love,
By all my Hopes I'le drop a tear to Heav'n
To call the wanderer home.

Tygr. A Tear!

Herm. A Tear, *Tygranes*,
Shed from that melting pity, till the Gods
Soften'd to Mercy a kind Ear encline,
And grant thee peace or else deny me mine.

King. Thou Miracle of Truth, and Life of Honour,
There's something in this moving Tale of pity,
Breaths with so sweet an Accent, that if ought
Less then resigning the Divine *Hermima*
Cou'd bless thy soft Desires, my bounding Soul
Shou'd leap all Bars to crown thy tendereſt Wishes.

Tygr. This is too kind.

King. But since a Sword, a Sword
Is a'l the Boon thy modest Prayers can ask,
And Love can give no more;
Thou shalt have thy Desire. Yes, my *Tygranes*,
I have a Cause that wants an Arm like Thine.
For in thy Absence I have lost a Battle.
Persia's proud Foe, th' insulting *Scythian* Tyrant
Wears my lost Honour on his conquering Sword.
Nor is this all, I have lost a Sister too.

Tygr. And with that Sister, Sir, the noblest Martyr
Tyrannick Sword e're butcher'd, poor *Orsames*
That Royall *Syrian*, our unhappy Friend,
By Wars rough chance the barbarous *Scythian*'s Prisoner;
By his inhumane Rivall Jaylors Rage,
In his cold blood sent t' his untimely Grave.
My Dear wrong'd Sister, thou too wretched Mourner,
The Lord of all thy Vows that bloudy sacrifice,
So loud thy Ruines, and so deep thy Wounds,
That bleeding *Persia* groans for thy Revenge.
Thine, Thine's a Cause——

King. Reserv'd for brave *Tygranes*;
For Thee, young Worthy, thy Illustrious Arme
Shall lead my fighting Legions to the Field.
Wash thou the *Persian* Stains, and Scourge that Tyrant;
Whilst *Clarisaunda*'s Wrongs edge thy keen steel,

With-

With mine and Heav'ns Commission'd Vengeance strike.
Tyr. Ye Gods I ask no more.
King. Yes; go my Souldier,
Go where Fame calls. But thus, far far from Courts
Whilst to rough Wars a Rivall I remove,
Think how I send thee to a Lawrell Grove,
To plume in Honour, whilst I blush in Love. [*Exeunt*

SCENE, *changes to a Pavilion.*

Enter Briomer, *meeting* Celestina *and* Rosalin.

Briom. Good morrow my Sweet enemy; the Smiles
Of a kind Morn gay as your Eyes Salute You.
I come my pretty one, t'inquire the Health
Of that bright Excellence, the fair *Clarismunda.*
Say is your Princess waking?
Celest. Is she sleeping
Had been a properer Question to her Miseries.
Briom. Then, Madam, in my Royall Masters name
Scythia's proud Monarch, but her humblest Suppliant —
Celest. Her Tyrant, thou woud'st say: be honest fawning Parasite
And give thy proud Barbarian Lord his Titles.
Briom. Her Tyrant then; if that hard Name befits
Her humble Kneeling Slave.
Celest. Hard name! Can there
Be names too hard for brave *Orsanes* Murderer!
What though that Royall Beauty, and her dear
Illustrious Lover by th' unhappy Fortune
Of a lost Battle wore the Tyrants Chains.
Could his too Barbarous Rage descend to that
Low-Spirited Murder to remove a Rivall
By such a shamefull Blow? unparalled Infamy —
Brim. 'Tis true I own, wild Rage and wilder Love
Have play'd the Savage. But t'atone his Crime
Has not the sense of his Detested shame
Touch'd his Relenting Soul so near, till kill'd
Even by the wounds of his own bleeding Sacrifice
He Dies where he 'has destroy'd, so dies — But she
Deaf to his Wound and blind to her own Happiness,
By what infatuating Female Folly,
Her own caprichious Frenzy best can tell,
Disdains his Love, and all his offer'd Diadems,
And strangly flies that only Bed of Honour
Where her dryed Tears, and her hush't Wrongs may sleep

In a long Halcion Rest of endless Glory.

Celest. Well, talking Sir, if her too deep Resentments,
And tender Sense of her dead Lovers Blood
Pours down this Scorn on his unpardon'd murderer;
Scythian, what then? Art. Thou, thou bold impeacher,
A Judge of Honour; Is Imperial Vengeance
A Depth for every groveling Fool to fathom?

Briom. How *Celestina*, thou'rt a *Scythian* Born,
And dar'st thou plead a Cause against thy King!
Have *Clarismunda*'s Smiles, her darling Minion,
Brib'd thee this partiall Advocate for Cruelty?

Cel. Against my King! Against the World an Advocate
In Beauties Quarell, Beauty that commands
When Kings but kneel: that more then Soveriagn power,
That holds the Scales of Crowns.

Briom. Well *Celestina*, thou correctst my Fault.
But to perform my Kings Commission; (that
I hope's my Province) in his name I beg
Thy powerfull Intrest with thy Angry Princess
To gain him his Admission to her Feet.
Tell her 'tis his last Prayer: Nor dares he use
A Conquerours Right to gain him his Access.
Love has disarm'd that power; and now no more
Then her Petitioning Slave, th' Approach to those
Offended Eyes is only on his Knees.

Celest. Well *Scythian*, tell him my prevailing Eloquence
Shall gain him his Request.

[*Exit* Briomar.

So *Rosalin*, Thou look'st as thoud'st survey me.
If thou hast read me round, which think'st thou best
My Face or Pride becomes me? Or dost think
That the kind *Clarismunda*'s Royall Smiles
Have rais'd me higher than my Beauty merits,
Or my Ambition covets!

Rosal. Truly neither.
If Beauty can deserve, perhaps, that Face
Has a fair Title; and for thy Ambition;
I durst defy all the once bold Aspirers
That battayl'd Heaven to match thee.

Celest. Truth, thou draw'st
So near the Life, that thou might'st play my Painter.

Ros. 'Tis not thy Beauty, (that's the gift of Chance)
Nor is't thy Towring Pride (for that's but woman)
No, *Celestina*, 'tis thy wondrous Fortune
That takes up my amazement.

Celest.

Celest. That, such wonder!
Ros. With Thy course Veins, an humble low born Creature,
That hardly ownst a Mother, or a Name——
(You see I love plain-dealing)
Cel. Yes, I find so.
Ros. With nothing but a Face, all the whole Patrimony
Thy little unknown Father had to leave thee,
Perk't up the Darling Favourite of a Princess.
Cel. A Princess Favourite; Ay, and a Kings too,
If Fortune play me fair. I'm not the First
Of my soft Sex, perhaps with Birth as mean
As *Celestina*'s, and a stock of Charms
Not more then mine, has baited Hooks for Monarchs,
For Monarchs Girle, Imperiall Slaves, my *Rosalin*;
Whilst the fair Hand of the poor Spawn of Cottages
Has struck a Royall Game, and troll'd out Princes.
Ros. 'Tis true, such Gamesters there have been; and, faith,
'Tis pity but Thy Hooks should be so baited.
For if those Eyes were born to catch a King,
Not the fair proudest She, that earthborn Flutterer,
Rig'd up in Ermine, and trick't out with Title,
That ever betray'd Monarch, or sold Kingdom,
Could bear her upstart power with half thy Vanity.
Celest. Why Earth-born Flutterer! still thou grateſt hard
On that mean Shame my Birth.——Why must this Beauty
Be a base Cottage Brat!——They talk of Fairies
That snatch the sleeping Infant from the Cradle,
And leave a witless Bastard of their own
For the poor Cheated Mother.——And who knows
Instead of some course half-sould *Fairy* Changeling,
The kinder Hand of some diviner Genius
In my poor Cradle made a Nobler Change?
And in my Sooty Mothers Raven nest
Hatch'd a fair Eagles Egg!
Ros. Why, truly, some
Such wondrous Change might be. For (give thy due)
Thou hast those tow'ring hopes, wou'd out-soar Eagles.
Cel. And I have reason for those towring Hopes.
For by a famous Reverend *Scythian Sybil*,
Even in my Infant Dawn, my Beauties Nonage,
Nay in my Native shade, I have been told
These Eyes the Soveraign Arbiters of Fate
Are born to Conquer Kings and Ruin Kingdoms.
Ros. A very large Prediction! But art sure
Thy Witches Oracle spoke Truth?

Ce.

Col. Truth Girle!
Ros. Art sure her Prophecying Devills are honest?
Cel. Yes, dear kind Heaven I hope so ——
Oh Loves soft Fires, my Eyes, my snares, my Charms,
Lodge but some doating Monarch in these Arms,
To mount me a Court-Star, fill my fair Seat,
The Fear of Slaves, and Envy of the Great,
Round my bright Sphear my rapid Gloryes hurld,
In Powers proud Orb to drive the cruckling World;
But This one Blessing let my Prayers implore,
And curse me Heaven, if ere I ask thee more.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

A Pavilion Royal.

Discovers Clarismunda *seated attended by* Celestina *and* Rosalin.

Clar. O *Rsanes*, Oh that ever bleeding Martyr!
Murder so black! enough to shame the World,
And blot the Blushing Skies. Yet why, oh why
Is Suff'ring Virtue that neglect of Heav'n,
Not the least care of shielding Providence
Steps in to guard, nor one just Bolt t' avenge it.
But can my Sighs or Prayers recall his Breath!
Ah no; th'irrevocable Doom's gone forth,
And posting Angells speed in vain to catch it.

Enter Orontes.

Oront. If trembling Adoration may presume
T'approach so near; and these unhallow'd Knees
May humbly bend to the Eternall Throne
To beg down Bessings on that sacred Brow.
Claris. Thou wish me Blessings. Fool, why dost thou lose
That ineffectuall prayer, thou who hast entaild
That lasting shame, and load of Curses on me;
That distant-Blessings and remoter Peace

Stand

Stand those wide Worlds remov'd from *Clarismunda*
That bliss and I must never meet again.
Oront. That I have sin'd against that Heav'nly Fair,
Committed that dire deed of Execration,
That not the whole detesting World alone,
But the whole Blushing Host above the Stars
Confront my Impious Guilt; That I've don this,
Tormenting Conscience with ten thousand Horrours
Haunts all my sleepless nights.
Clar. A sleepless night? And is that all thy punishment?
Each puny Crime
May wound as deep as that. But can'st thou think
Orsanes Blood, and all my wrongs demand no more.
Oront. Thy wrongs demand
All all fates Bloodiest Shafts, the heaviest Load
That ere crusht Guilt, or struck confusion dead,
This single Criminal Head deserves 'em all.
Unless a kind Reprieving Mercy dawn
From those fair Twins of Life.
Claris. Mercy to Thee,
Thy Crimes, thou dire Destroyer! Can thy baseness
Dare lodge so vile a Thought of *Clarismunda*!
The Sacred Blood of the immortall *Cyrus*,
That tame forgiving Fool.
Oront. Alas dear Madam! —
Clar. No King, I have a *Lucretian* Soul within me:
With more then all her Wrongs, my Hope, Peace, Life,
All ravish't by thy worse then *Tarquin* Cruelty.
And if perhaps I have out-liv'd her Fall,
'Tis onely to outact her Vengeance. She
Poor Martyr dyed too soon. Her Closing Eyes
Shut out that charming scene, the rowzing Thunder
Hung o're her punisht Ravishers head: she dyed
Before her dear Revenge. But I would live
For mine (if thou durst let me live,) live Tyrant
To wake the arming World for thy Destruction.
Oront. Oh hold my fair Accuser, think, oh, think
When my mad Rage and all my brutall Fires
Walk'd forth with that too hideous Arme of Death
Twas onely Love that struck the barbarous Blow.
Claris. Love!
Oront. All commanding all resistless Love.
Alas, I saw the cruell *Clarismunda*
Deaf to my sighs and pray'rs; my happy Rivall
With all the Pride of an insulting Conquerour

Even in his Chains my Tyrant, the bleſt Lord
Of *Clarismunda*'s Heart: Think how I ſaw
The flaming Swords, and my ſeal'd Gates of Paradice.
And if my burning Love and boyling Envy
Swell'd my Deſpair too high, impute th' Effects
To a too powerfull Cauſe. Alas, I cut
Th' excluding Barr betwixt my Heav'n and Me.

Claris. Yet hold——This Inſolence outſins thy firſt black Guilt.
What tho th' Injuſtice of our partiall Deſtiny
Threw the unhappy Champion of our Cauſe,
By Warrs rough Chance a Captive in thy Pow'r;
Dares thy Barbarity make Love, great Love,
A Plea for Murther? Could that noble Paſſion
Transforme thee to a Ruffian? Had'ſt thou been
That Godlike thing a Lover, thoud'ſt have ſeen
Thy happy Rivall with more generous Envy:
And in thy glorious Indignation free'd him
From his vile Chains; bid him diſpute his Title
To *Clariſmunda*'s Heart with his drawn ſword.
Had he ſo faln, and his triumphant Conquerour
Staind with his warm warm Blood——thus hadſt thou woed me——
But in cold Murder, his poor naked Throat
Given up to Butchers Hands, thy Slaves and Hangmen!
Shame of a Throne, thou eternall Brand of Empire!

Oront. And is this all my Love muſt ever hope!

Claris Hope wretched King; why does thy tireſome Folly
Force my repeated Scorne both of thy Crown and Thee
Thus often to pronounce the fatall never?

Oront. Never!

Claris. Shoud this degenerate Breaſt deſcend ſo low
But to Dream Kindneſs to *Orſanes* Murderer;
I'de tear my Traytour Heart up by the Roots,
But for ſo poor a Thought. Love thee! Yes, King,
If to owe thee Curſes more then Plagues can pay thee
Thy dying Groans more Muſick to my ſoul,
Then all the Quires of Heaven, be Love, I love thee,

Oront. Well, Madam, you have ſworn my ſeal'd Deſtruction;
And rather then a Doom from that fair Mouth
Should want the Weight of Fate, with my own Hand,
I'le ayd my Labouring Deſtiny. Go, *Briomar*,
Draw out ten Thouſand Horſe, and in their Head,
Bear that relentleſs Beauty back to *Perſia*,
A Preſent t' her avenging Brothers Arms.

Claris. Ay, King, do This——

Oront. Yes, go, dear charming Death.

Bring

Bring the whole ſummond Force of Heav'n and Earth
To hunt down this Babarian.
Too cruell Vengeance, at Thy Tyrant call,
All thy arm'd ſhafts on this doom'd Head muſt fall;
And Humble kneeling Love ſhall bear e'm all.
But dear remorſleſs Fair; if all the pangs
Of my poor bleeding Heart——

Claris. All the old Hatefull Theme. No more: no more.
Remember, King, I have Your ſacred Promiſe
To ſend me back to my avenging Brothers.

Oront. True; I have promiſed, and the dread Command
Of *Clariſmunda*, though at no leſs price
Then my Souls Death, ſhall be obey'd. Go; *Briomar*,
Performe your Charge; conduct that fair Inexorable
T' her Royall Brothers Arms — But tell thoſe Brothers——
Yes, lay my bluſhes and my ſhame before e'm;
And tell the injur'd Majeſty of *Perſia*,
My ſoul unman'd, and all my Reaſon drownd,
I did that ſhamefull Deed. But tell e'm too,
The Brute offended, but the King repents.
Tell e'm inſtead of all their Arm'd Revenge,
Death, Fire, and Sword, ſack Towns, and burning Citys
Kind Hymens Torch preſents a gentler Fire.

Claris. No more, vain talking Frenzy——

Oront. Yes, beauteous Cruelty,
Tell e'm that Mighty Love——

Claris. That Mightier Vengeance——

Oront. With all the Eloquence of immortall Truth——

Claris. With all the Horrours of Eternall ſhame——

Oront. For Mercy, Mercy, call.

Claris. For *Blood*, for *Blood*.

Oront. For *Blood* than, ſince no leſs then *Blood* muſt pay.
Go, *Briomar*, that Voice of Death obey.
Arme. Arme the World againſt this hated Head:
And forge the *Bolts* to ſtrike this Monſter dead.
Go, Fairy Treaſure, Vaniſhing *Brightneſs*, go.
But *Clariſmunda*,
If Thou muſt kill, why the poor *Perſian* ſwords,
Why arming Worlds, and angry Heav'n againſt me.
No, fairer Deity; weil'd thy own bright Vengeance:
Thy Eyes the Gods Expence of Thunder ſave,
And ſend me from their Darts a nobler Grave.

Exeunt all but Celeſtina *and* Roſalin.

Celeſt. Now *Roſalin*, what think'ſt thou of my Sybill,
My *Scythian* Propheteſs!

Rosal. Think?
Celest. Dost not see
We are moving to a fairer Feild of Fortune,
The Court of *Persia*, *Beauties* bright Meridian!
How looks her kind prediction now? Do's not
My Royall Conquest wear a promising Face?
Rosal. Fantom and Phrenzy.
Celest. Spight and Envy! No;
Thou snarling Iasidell, th' Oraculous Truth
Had Heav'n in't, and I must, and will beleive her.
Rosal. Well, if your Faith's so strong, beleive, and prosper.
Celest. Yes *Rosalin*, and to confirme that Faith
Sleeping this night I saw the sweetest Vision.
Methoughts, a glittring Troop danced all around me,
Clapt their gay Wings, and in one ecchoing Voice,
Stupendious Words, that lightend as they spoke,
Saluted me with
Hayle thou *Beauteous* Miracle,
Go on, thou Royall Conquerour; so conquer
Till Poets make thee their Eternall Song;
And wanton Painters like the bold *Prometheus*,
When they'd give Souls to shadows, from thy Heav'ns
Shall Steal th' immortall Fires.
Ros. By Love all Rapture!
Cel. No sooner was the gaudy Vision vanish't,
But straight I dreamt of that fair *Grecian* Dame
That drew the Swords of the Contending Universe,
The glorious subject of a ten years War;
And the no less immortall *Cleopatra*,
Her bleeding *Antony*, and persuing *Cæsar*,
With burning *Troys*, and Worlds for Beauty lost.
Ros. Well, *Celestina*, if no less Originals
Then *Egypts Cleopatra*, or *Greek Helens*,
Are those fair Eyes your golden Dreams must copy,
In that blest day expect my duteous Homage
Amongst your kneeling slaves.
Cel. Yes, that blest Day!
Now to the Court, that Lottery of Beauty,
Where all the Fair for the great Prize put in,
And boldly stake their All to lose or win.
And whilst one Hand at an unhappy Fling
Draws, but a Blank, the other draws her King.
With the same Hope for the same Lot I le go,
And try if there's a Monarch for my Throw.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene changes to a Pallace.

Enter Tygranes.

Tygr. What art thou Love, that thus out liv'ſt Deſpair?
Oh thou, whoſe too ſtrong vital Pulſes beat
When hope thy Life is dead. Too fair *Herminia*,
Tho' loſt, for ever loſt, thy haunting Form
Array'd with all thy Charms glides dazling by,
Whilſt my devouring Soul leaps forth to meet thee
And graſps at fleeting Ayr. Too dear *Herminia*,
Yes, I will love thee ſtill—But (oh) ſo love thee,
Love thy bright Glory, thy unenvyed Happineſs,
Thy Monarchs Arms, and all thy Nuptiall Bliſſes,
My whole unmurmuring Souls divineſt Muſick.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, ſome Officers wait your Command.

Enter Officers.

Tygr. Admit e'm. Well, my Warriours
How fare my valiant Hearts?

Offi. Tough as our Arms,
And cheerfull as our Cauſe!

Tygr. Thou ſpeakſt my Souldier——

1. *Offi.* As all our Veins, and all our Lives ſhall ſpeak.

2. *Offi.* Already, Sir, Your great Allies have joyn'd us;
A noble Train of War. From Weſtern *Nile*
To Eaſtern *Indus* Streams, united *Aſia*,
Brings her proud Banners to your Royall Standard.
By this good Sword, and this old Arm, I think
More gallant Troops, nor more reſolv'd Battalions,
A fairer Front of the bold Sons of Glory
Ne'er ſhook the Earth beneath them.

1. *Offi.* And great Sir,
May I preſume to add one bold Word more.
To cheer our Hearts after our laſt loſt Battle
And edg our Swords for a new fairer Game,
Perſia fought then, but *Clariſmunda* now.

Tygr. Yes, my kind Souldier, in your laſt loſt Game
A weaker Quarrell, and a fainter Arm,
Only Powers wanton Luxury, Ambition,
Fought then; But a Diviner Cauſe, wrong'd Honour,
And Sacred Vengeance now.

En-

Enter King *and* Herminia, Mirvan, Amorin, Guards, *&c.*

King. My best *Tygranes*
Life of my Cause, thou Eldest Son of War,
And boldest Heir of Fame; my waiting Armyes
Call thy Commanding Arm to lead 'em forth to Glory.
Tygr. As far as humane Strength can push for Glory
This Arm shall lead; and Sir to joyn that Arm
I hope the Great Deciding Powers, that hold
The Fate of War and turn the Scales of Battle,
Have one kind Lawrell for the poor *Tygranes.*
For 'tis but Justice, Heav'n; one Smiling Day
For all the melancholly niggard Portion
Your unkind Stars have dealt me. And for all
The Massy Favours you have heap'd upon me,
Great Sir permit my bending Duty fall
Thus low to take up the fair Load of Honour.
King Rise, my *Tygranes*, This too humble Gratitude
Orepays the Gift I make.
Tygr. Orepays! No! Sir.
You've lodg'd in this Young Arm a Trust so glorious——
King And thou'lt discharge it with a Faith more glorious.
Tygr. I hope indeed I shall. This I dare promise;
I go so keen for War, so arm'd for Battle,
My Cause so Precious and my Life so worthless,
That the Great Game of Death was never play'd
By a less shaking Hand.
King. So speak the Souls
Of our Great Race, the transmigrating Fires
That warm thy noble Breast.
Tygr. But Sir before I go, take my Last Prayer:
May all the Sweets of ever fragrant Love
Heap your full Jo s. 'Twixt that fair Heaven and You
Eternall Jo Peans sing before you:
Smiles wake Your Morns, and Angells lull your Sleeps.
King. This is too kind *Tygranes*,
Tygr. And when in my Rough Toyls and heavyer Marches
Amidst the Shriller Louder Voice of War
Some softer Trump of Fame shall sweetly Chant
In my pleas'd Ears how fair *Herminia* loves:
How that all Nuptiall Truth, all Bridall Sweetness
With all the Riot o unmeasur'd blisses
Crowns the dear Love of her embracing Lord;
When I shall hear that dear that blessed Sound,

With

With open Arms I'le meet the darling Joy,
And claſp it as the Mrs. of my Soul—
Thus I may love *Herminia*—

Herm. Love me Prince!

Yes ſuch a Love *Tygranes*—Oh thou matchleſs
Originall of Virtue! Love like Thine
How ſhall I e're return. Go then, brave Warriour,
Go where bright Honour calls, and when thy Sword
Thro grappling Dangers hews thy path to Glory,
Be thou *Herminia*'s Champion and I Thine.
For oh *Tygranes* to adorn that brow
And pull down Victory on that bleſt Head,
I'le borrow from the Arms of my kind Lord
A bending Knee to Heav'n for dear *Tygranes*.

Tygr. And will the kind *Herminia* do all this,
For loſt *Tygranes*, the Divine *Herminia*
A Beauteous Suppliant to th' immortall Throne
Breath a ſoft Prayer, and melt the liſtning Gods,
And all for worthleſs me! Then I am orepay'd
For all my bleeding ſighs. So bleſt—

Herm. So bleſt, if ſhe can give thee bleſſings, all my Oriſons
My tendreſt Vows for Thy Succeſs I'le pay,
With ſo much Zeal the pious offering giv'n
Whilſt thou ſhalt combat Earth I'le wreſtle Heav'n.

King. Hold my *Herminia*, thou too Godlike Goodneſs,
And take me with thee in this generous Conteſt.
A Prayer for dear *Tygranes*! Prayers and Hecatombs:
Incenſe and Sacrifice, all Pomp Divine;
Altars ſhall ſmoak and blazing Temples Shine.
United Heaven and Earth ſhall joyn for Thee;
Thou and the World, brave Youth, the Gods and we.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your Royall Siſter
Conducted by ten-thouſand *Scythian* Horſe
Sent by the Mercy of her pitying Conquerour,
Free and unranſom'd is returning home.

King. Free and unranſom'd! Yes, relenting Tyrant,
Like flowry Garlands to a bleeding Victim,
A poor amends for *Clariſmunda*'s Wrongs.

Tygr. For the Reception of our Royall Siſter,
Haſte, *Orimon*, draw forth a thouſand Horſe
That theſe embracing Arms may fly to meet her. *Exit.*

King. My dear *Herminia*, the ſoft ſweets of Love
Till this bleſt Minute have been all my Theme.
But now, my fairest, I am forc'd to borrow

From

From the kind Arms of Joy one hour for pity.
I have a mourning Sister,
A wrong'd one my *Herminia*, whose Returne
Must call one Tear even from the Eyes of Love.
Queen. A Tear for *Clarismunda*! Yes my dear
Lov'd Lord, if that wrong'd Sister does demand
The Royall Tribute of those richer Pearle,
I hope you'll give these Eyes the Leave to add
Their pious Offring too.
King. Thine, my *Herminia*!
Queen. Mine, and all Eyes. At bleeding Virtues Sufferings
Our Griefs are but our Sympathetick pains.
Each melting Eye at that sad Object mourns:
The Loadstar draws, and trembling Pity turns.

Enter Tygranes *Leading* Clarismunda, Celestina, Rosalin *&c.*

Clar. My Brother and my King!
Take to thy Arms, thy generous pitying Arms
This Load of Misery, Despair and Ruin.
King. Fair Flower of Paradice, the sweetest Rose
Set in the Thorns of Life, dear Royall Mourner
My Souls best half, my own immortall Veins.
Clar. Thy Veins! No Sir that once fair Christall Fountain
By the embitter'd Gall of Woes all poyson'd,
[*The* King *gazes on* Celestina.
My Blood runs Death, and I am thy Veins no more.
King What do I see! Great Gods!
Clar. But, oh, dread Sir,
In my affrighting Wounds, my Savage Wrongs,
I have brought home——
King, Those Eyes, my *Clarismunda*——
Clar. Eyes Sir!——
King. Those Wrongs, my Sister——But proceed.
Clar. Those Wrongs indeed! So wrong'd,
There's not that ministring Saint at Heavens high Throne
But midst his Scenes of everlasting Joys,
Looks down on *Clarismunda*'s hideous Ruines.
Mine, mine's a Cause——
King. By Heavens, amazing Fair——
Clar. What says my King?
King. Thy Cause my Sweet, go on.
Clar. Yes, my dear Brother, and what's more then Brother
My Champion and my King; By those great Names

I call

I call and challenge thy avenging Sword,
Thy Sword, my Soverain Justice
King. Artaban? [withdrawing from Clarismunda and whispering,
[Clarismunda strikes into Discourse in the mean
[while in dumb show with the Queen and Tygr.
Amor. Mirvan, dost mark that Charming Stranger there?
Mir. Ay, and that firing King too. [aside to Amorin.
King. That Lady [to Artaban.
Art. My dread Lord! *King.* That fair one.
Celest. Shoot home my Charms! now my Prophetick Glory! [aside
Mir. Shine out fair stranger [aside to Celestina.
Celest. Boy! *Mir.* There's Honour near ye.
Tygr. Dear Sister these Resenting Murmurs speak
With such an Emphasis.
Clar. Do they speak Brother!
They must act too: These wrongs that find a Tongue
Must find an Arm, *Tygranes.* *Tygr.* Yes Royall sufferer,
Thou shalt have Vengeance, Vengeance, *Clarismunda*,
If Arming Man and ayding Heaven can give it thee.
Clar. Do this, and all my work of Life is done:
And when thy Sword draws blood, drink deep, my Brother;
Remember nothing but a pile of Death
Can build the Tomb of Love. Build thou that Tomb
For *Clarismunda*; then I dare dye pleas'd
When I have seen my blazing monument rays'd.
King. Succeed and Challenge that Reward, my *Artaban* [to Arta.
[*Exeunt all but* Celestina *and* Mirvan.
Celest. 'Tis don 'tis done; I read it in his Eyes;
The Golden Shaft and all the whole Blind God.
Now my kind *Sybill* thou hast fullfill'd thy Promise:
And I could kneel to thank thy Charming Oracle.
Oh Beauty! Love and Triumph wait thy Throne,
Hold my kind Toyl but fast, the Game's my own. [*Exit.*
Mir. So;—a poor Slave has Charms to snare a King:
Yes, fair unknown, th' Imperiall Thunderer
Hangs gathering o're thee in a glittering Shower,
And 'tis but spreading of thy Smiles before him
To catch the Golden God.—well! There's Love for you—
Death! what was I born for? Love's not my Province:
The Sweets of Life are banish't from these Lips.
Kind Nature stampt me in Heavens Image, Man,
Born with a Face perhaps t'have Captived Queens.
Till mercinary Infamous Barbarity
(An Evnuch Monster) basely rob'd my Cradle,
And left me a dull Drone of the Creation.—

Since then the Gall, and Dregs of Life, are all
My Portion; to requite the spightfull worlds
Unkindness, let me this one pleasure find
To deal round my own Draught to all Mankind.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Herminia *discover'd Sleeping on a couch attended by* Mirvan *and* Amorin.

Song.

WHy do's the Idle World mistake,
And Love a Godhead make?
If Love were Heav'n, like Heav'n vow'd last,
And the Immortall Joys would never dye.
Ah no, false man, at ev'ry blast
In broken Vows Loves fleeting Shadows fly.
Down then let all his Glorys fall,
His Temples, Altars, Empire, all
To dirt and Ashes trod:
For oh the Fools, for oh the Fools, that make blind Love a God.

So when fair Celia *mourn'd to find*
Philander *so unkind;*
She saw the Tempest roll too fast,
And all o're spread her rising Mornings dawn;
Her louring Fate was quite o'recast
And her Eclipsing Glorys all withdrawn.
But tho' there shine such fading Gemms
In brittle Earthly Diadems,
Poor Celia *ne're despair:*
There's Starrs above, there's starrs above to crown thee brighter there.

The Scene shuts and Mir. *and* Amo. *advance upon the Stage.*

Amor. OH *Mirvan*, this fair *Scythian* Charms are sure
Made up of Prodigy; and the blind God
Has stockt her with such Shafts, her Eyes Disdain
To play a lesser Game then Miracles,

Mir. Miracles indeed: An unknown Stranger face
Who, or from whence Hell knows, to catch a Monarch
From a young Princely Bride the fair *Herminia*,

A Beauty scarce Enjoy'd.
The very Virgin Blushes on her Cheeks
Still warme; that lovelyest Rose gather'd but yesterday,
And all the fragrant Sweets thrown by to day.
Abandon'd, Slighted——ay and all this too
By the strange Charms of such an Easy wanton
That Scarce held out the Courtship of an hour.
But See the glittring Pageant moves this way.
With what Devouring ravenous Eyes he swallows
The fair Destruction.

Amor. But my dear Lost Mrs,
The poor *Herminia*, what a mournfull part
Hast thou in this gay Scene. Too unkind King——
Was it for this, in thy first blooming Youth,
By thy Imperiall Fathers kind Commission
A Visitant in the fair Court of *India*,
That Early Votary t' *Herminia*'s Eyes,
Thou knelst at those dear Feet—— Sweet injur'd Goodness
My heart bleeds for thee.

Mir. Troth so does not mine.

Amor. How *Mirvan*, canst thou see our Royall Mrs.
The poor neglected Queen, thus Scorn'd, thus Slighted,
Without one pitying Thought.

Mir. A pitying Thought!
Faith none at all.

Amor. Canst thou be Man and say this?

Mir. No, Fool, were I a man I should not say this.
But when the curst Luxury of Greatness
As the early brand of a Court Slave,
(A dog a nobler Creature) took Man from me,
It took Humanity too—Spight, darling Spight.

Amor. But See the Queen and Princess

Mir. Well if this fair *Scythian* Wanton
This white she-devil do not prove at last
That firebrand, that State-Firebrand, as shall one day
Set *Persia* in a Flame:——if this she-Phaeton
Prove not at last the arranteſt State-grievance
E're ruin'd Monarch, or Suck't Nation poor,
May my Propheticks be believed no more.

Enter Queen *and* Clarismunda.

Queen. The Treasure of my soul, my dear Lords Love,
The hoarded Mass of a whole Ages Bliss
All by one midnight Thief for ever lost.

Clar. Indeed my Royall Sister thy sad Story
Melts pity from my Eyes; and trust me, dear *Herminia*,

My own unhappy Load of Miseries
Have drein'd these Streams so low, their did not want
Thy Sufferings to rayse a second Spring.
Queen This generous Sense of my hard Fate speaks thee
So truly kind— *Clarii.* So truly just, *Herminia.*
For in the deep Resentments of thy Wrongs
Mine is no common Share. 'Twas *Clarismunda*
Was their unfortunate Cause. That infamous Creature
That *Scythian* Devill my unhappy Favourite;
By my mistaken Charity to that
Deluding Face, the fatall Cockatrice Egg
Hatcht by my warmth to all this brood of Mischiefe.
Queen. Nay *Clarismunda*, charge not Thy fair Virtue
With so unjust a Stain. Thy part was innocent.
When angry Providence resolves to kill
It easily finds the Means. Misery, and
Misfortune still like Weeds and poysons Shoot.
Alas they want a very little Root.
Clar. Sweet murmuring Turtle hush thy mournfull plaints
And bear thy Soul above the Worlds poor spight.
Let thy dark shades make thy fair Truth more bright.
'Tis the True Diamond that shines by night.
And then the frowns of Fortune we out brave
When Grief is not our Tyrant, but our slave. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orontes *disguis'd attended onely by* Briomar.

Oront Yonder she moves, my louring planet moves.
But why do I not follow her, run to her,
Run to my doom, and catch her blasting fires.
Bid all her blazing Bolts of Thunder turn;
Court the Keen Lightning of her Eyes, and burn.
Briom. Oh Royall Sir, think to what threatning Danger
Will your Rash Love expose your Life and Glory.
Yes, if bold Truth may speak, to what unprincely
Nay what unmanly Dangers.— *Oront.* Preaching fool
No more profane Reflections on a Cause
So sacred.— *Briom.* Can there be a Cause so sacred
To draw you forth from your abandon'd Kingdoms,
And in this poor Disguise to quit your Throne? (*Briomar.*
Oront. Quit Thrones! quit Worlds, quit Earth and Heav'n my
Run mad, despair, and dye. *Briom.* Dye Sir!
Oront Yes, dye.
To Deaths short pain from lingring Tortures fly:
Plunge the Vast Deep, and launch to that blest shore
Where *Clarismunda's* Scorn can kill no more.
Briom. Death I confess is Woes last certain Remedy.

But

But when the Great seek Death, they ought to meet him
In the fair Paths of Glory. Poorly dying
Is worse then basely Living. Sir, consider
You're born to Empire, hold the Charge of Kingdoms,
A Royall Cause, and a protected people;
Besides behold a gathering Storm before you,
Arms at your Gates, and Vengeance round your Walls,
Advanceing Enemies, and pushing Fate.
That Death thou seek'st, seek nobly, King. Crown'd Heads
Should not fall crusht like poor despairing slaves,
But build their Monuments when they digg their Graves.

Oront. Kind *Briomar*, I thank thy honest Love.
'Tis true the Charge of Empire lyes upon us.
Yet Heav'ns Vicegerents are not so all Gods
But we have a little of the Man about us.
Shackled with Soveraignty, and tyed up to Honour,
We are not so fast to golden Fetters curst,
But Love one Link of the long Chain may burst.
Oh *Briomar*— I have that last Account yet to make up
To that Fair Tyrants Ear before I dye.
That as thou valuest my Eternall Peace,
By all thy Loyalty I must conjure thee,
Under the shelter of this kind Disguise,
To gain me an Access. But one blest Minute
At *Clarismunda*'s Feet.

Briom. But in this kind Disguise can you so rule
Your master'd Passion, as to keep your throw'd,
No frantick start to burst your guardian Cloud.
Sir, dare you promise me— *Oront.* Yes I dare promise.
Shall I performe my *Briomar*? *Briom* How Sir.

Oront. No more; I'le be obey'd.

Briom. Then Sir, my Duty shall dispute no more;
Th' Access shall be obtain'd: Though I much fear
Effects too dismall. *Oront.* Leave Effects to Fate:
Love spurs the Leap, and Danger Checks too late. *Exeunt.*

Scene a Room of State.

Enter Celestina, Rosalin *and Women.*

Ros. Madam, five hundred Talents from the King,—

Cel. Have Kist my Hand this Morning. *Ros.* From Great Love
A fair presented Sum. *Cel.* To buy me pins.
A small Oblation. But my Royall Vassall
Remembers his Allegiance; knows his Duty,
And pays my Eyes their Tribute— Now, my *Rosalin*,
How dost thou like the Port our Greatness bears?

Say is a Monarchs Heart a Toy worth wearing?

Rosal. Your Conquest is a perfect Raign of Wonders.

Cel. Nay, I have conquer'd now: And such a Conquest,
That surfeited Delight, and gorged Ambition
Have drunk so deep, that they can thirst no more.

Ros. Madam, the Princess —

Cel. Ha! What brings her here. — perhaps
The Conscientious Fool comes to Preach Honour,
Hermilla's Wrongs, and *Celestina's* Frayltys; —
If so; I am resolv'd I will receive her
Like my great self, the Mistress of a Pow'r
The World's too weak to shake.

Enter Clarismunda. —

Claris. I stoop beneath My self, when I descend
To talk with Sin and Shame. But sweet *Hermilla*
A Champion in Thy Cause commanding Justice
Forgive the Faults offending Honour makes
No; the proud Theif, the Syren has undon thee
Shall not move off with Her Rich prize so tamely.
I'le talk with the gay Sin, and glittring Infamy.

Cel These happy Walls and their more happy Mistress
Thus honour'd and thus grace'd! Beleive me Madam,
You've so surprized me with this wondrous Goodness,
Took me so unprepared for a Reception
Worthy of such a Guest— *Claris.* Hold, there's no need
Of so much courtly Ceremony. All
I came to meet I've found, thy self; and with
The Visitant I bring thee may receive
But half this promis'd welcome. *Cel.* If I am All
You came to seek, I am proud that you have found me,
And prouder to receive whate're Commands
Honour can give, or Honour can obey.
As such, no doubt, you bring me, speak Your pleasure.

Clar. Honour! Oh thou hast named the richest Jem
That e're adorn'd the Fair True Honour, Beauties
Inestimable wealth; whilst we wear Thee
We have inexhausted Mines of endless Treasure,
Enough t'enrich the world. Where Honour Shines,
Our Eyes are Sparks of Heaven, 'Tis that kind Sun
That lights 'em into Stars. The Great just Powers
Made us the fairest work of their Creation,
Till our own faults our own defacing Shame
Unmakes the work of Gods.

Celest. Ay, now you charm my Ear with ravishing Musick,
Honour our Sexes warmest Pride, Our whole

Devo-

Devotion, Saint, Heaven, all we kneel and pray to.
And Madam, if those Powers you name have made
Beauty the Master-stroak of their Creation,
I thank their Generous Moulding Hands These Eyes
Are not their poorest stamp. And to do Justice
To Heavens unfinisht Peice, I shall take care
In the bright sphear to which my charms have rais'd me,
Not to unmake, but mend the work of Gods.

Clarif. The Sphear thy Charms have rais'd thee to! No thou
Gay gilded Vanity, call 'em thy Sorceryes,
The infatuating, false deluding Fires
Of Sin plumed up with Power, thou vile Usurper.

Celest. Usurper! That diminitive Imp of Majesty,
That puny poor Prerogative! no Madam
Your kinder Justice sure can find my Glories
A fairer name. *Claris.* A fairer name! *Celest.* perhaps
The little Murmures Envy and Ignorance,
Have been too busy with your Royall Ear,
And breath'd my Name with their unhallow'd Lips.
But to correct th' ill manner'd Grin of Fools
Let the Kings Heart, and these victorious Eyes
Tell the vain babling world I raign by Conquest.

Claris. What do I hear! Oh thou amazing Front
Of blushless Guilt! Thou sit'st enthron'd in Sin then.
Hold'st thy black seate of shame by Claim and Title,
And stampst a Royall Soverainty on Damnation.

Cel. Madam, this Language——But no more
You are too blame, mistaken angry Princess;
For when I shall enform that Peevish Snarler
For whom thou playst the Champion, what good Offices
I've done her with the King, She'le have but small
Occasion of Complaint, For I must tell you
As my peculiar Grace I have given him Leave
T'allow her a fair Court, Gourds and Attendants,
And all the Decency that suits her Quality.
Nay, and to shew you I'm more generous still
I have permitted him to pay her the
Civilityes of a Wife. *Claris.* Civilityes!

Celest. And let me tell you. 'Tis not
A Common Condescension in a Mrs.
To give a Wife that Liberty.

Claris. Great Gods! This is beyond all mortall Patience.
She gives her Husband Leave; 'tis she allows her;—
Her Favours all——
Oh poor *Herminia*, whither art thou fall'n, [*aside.*

Brought

Brought thy rich Royall Veins from thy fair *India*,
To be a Penſioner to a vile Wanton;
Raign the Precarious Partner of a Throne.
But thou rank Weed, thou poyſonous plant of Death,
Oh that thou'dſt give thy Soul but ſo much Leiſure
As even to think——
Cel. Think! I have Thought.
For Thinking's half the pleaſure
Claris. No, thou too hardend Brow, didſt thou but know
What tis to be--- *Cel.* The Mrs. of a King——
Yes, very well.
Clar. The Mrs. of a King! no fair Perdition
Change that gay name and call thy ſelf a Prodigy.
Celeſt. A Prodigy! Right; all made up of Wonders.
The very Thing I would be.
Claris Barbarous Creature!
Is thy Lethargick Sleep of Death ſo deaf
To all th' Alarms of Infamy and Vengeance;
That not one frighting Dream nor waking Horror
Tells thee what hideous Loads of Woe thou haſt heap'd
On Wayling Innocence, the wrong'd *Herminia*;
Snatch'd a lov'd Lord from her embracing Arms,
And left her mourning Days and widow'd Nights:
Rob'd all her Deareſt Joys.
Celeſt. 'Tis, true, I have ſo.
And I confeſs the Loſs is ſomething hard.
But to repair that Loſs, tell the fair Mourner,
Her Charms are not ſo loſt, but thouſand Cupids
With thouſand Darts, and every Shaft a Heart,
Attend the dayly Triumphs of her Eyes.
Claris. Oh my Chaſt Ears! [*aſide.*
Cel. What though th' ungrateſull King
Has play'd the Wanderer; can that fair Shrine
Want Homagers! The world is not ſo poor.
Claris. Hold profane Inſolent! ſtop that ſulphurous Breath.
Rooted with horrour I have heard thee out;
And a chill Damp about my trembling Heart
Has but juſt left me blood enough to bluſh
That thou wert born of Woman.
Quick Let me fly that cloven footed Treaſon,
Leaſt yawning Earth, and ſwallowing Graves receive me. *Exit.*
Cel. Poor angry thing farewell; ſuch chattring Daws
Diſmount my Eagle Flight!
That bugbear Conſcience! No,
I've Loves whole Feaſt before me. And let thoſe

Dull

Dull puny ſqueamiſh Fools that dare not carve
Hug their Lean Virtue, pine, Deſpair, and ſtarve. *Exit.*

Scene Changes.

Enter Herminia *and* Amorin.

Herm. Art ſure this is the Kings Retiring Hour,
And this the place to meet him?

Amor. Ev'ry Minute
His Preſence is expected. But dear Madam
I have one humble pray'r, that this ſmall ſervice
Of your Obedient ſlave be kept a Secret;
This is forbidden Ground, and 'twill be more
Then half the price of my poor Life to ſerve you.

Her. Fear not ſweet Youth, I'le guard thee from that Danger. [*Ex.*
Forbidden Ground! Is Love a Crime ſo mortall? [*Amo.*
And am I grown that poyſon to his Eyes!
Oh for the Spirit of the great *Semiramis*
To meet my wrongs, and ſtemm the ſtorm that ſinks me
No, I've too much the Mothers Milk within me,
Weep like a Girle, and bend beneath my ſufferings;
Nature intended me ſome humble ſhepherdeſs,
A Creature born to breath her plaints to Woods
And helpleſs Groves, to mix her feeble Tears
In murmuring Brooks; too weak to weild the Thunder,
And rowze the ſleeping Rage of injur'd Majeſty.

Enter King.

King. Herminia! Ha! That Face, and in theſe Walls!
Methinks I feel a chilling Damp within me,
A ſecret check from thoſe accuſing Eyes——
Let my retiring ſhame—— [*going back.*

Herm. My Lord, my King! *King.* Madam——

Herm. I have a Grace to beg. Not that I'd ask
Ungratefull Favours from You. But methinks
From all your long long Hours of happier Bliſſes,
Herminia, ſure, may beg one borrow'd Minute——

King That painfull Minute [*aſide.*

Her. There was once a day
When underneath my Native Royall Roof,
Th' Imperiall Towrs of the proud Indian Court,
To my firſt Virgin Charms a gawdy Train
Of ſuppliant Kings, all Captives to my Eyes
Knelt at my Feet, unleſs their Sighs deceive'd me,
(For they were men and 'tis a flattering World)
I think (if you have not quite forgot) my Lord
Was one of that fair Train, and loved me too,

Or else my Virgin heart was poorly won
I think you lov'd—But if I am mistaken,
Correct my Fault, and I will weep and mend it.
King. This is too much thou murmuring Sweetness:
Dry up thy Tears, and weep no more. *Herm.* No more!
King. No more; for trust me
It is a shower too rich to fall for me.
Herm. Ah King, to dry these ever streaming Sorrows,
Is not my work but Thine. To stop these Fountains
Shut thou the springs that feed 'em. Ah my Lord,
Remove the fatal cause of all these Tears
And then I'le cease to mourn.
King. Alas *Herminia*!
Upbraid my Guilt no more; but think me punisht
Even in my very Sin: for when I am false
To so much Truth, a Love like thine; 'tis with
That conscious Shame, and those accusing Horrours—
Herm. That pleasing Pride and those transporting Charms:
Thou would'st say—Poor *Herminia*, has no Charms
Or if she e'er had any, even their very
Remembrance, like a last nights Dream, the thin
And vanishing Shaddow gone, they are all lost
In *Celestina*'s Arms, that fatall Ravisher
Of all my hopes, my Joys, my Life.
King. Ah Madam,
Cease this too killing Theme: consider me
As a poor helpless Wretch driven headlong by
An unaccountable resistless Power.
Alas, I wou'd be faithfull if I cou'd.
All that I can, command my bleeding heart,
My bending Neck, my Head beneath thy Feet;
These I can grant; but do not ask impossibles.
Herm. Impossibles! nay then I read my Fate.
King. If it be Fate 'tis past our humane power
To reverse Destiny, and in submitting
T' immutable Decree exalted Virtue
Exerts her noblest Wisdom Patience.
Herm. Patience. *Enter* Tygranes.
Yes Sir you take the nearest way to teach it me,
For when your strange unkindness gives me death,
I shall be husht all Patience in my Grave.
King. Madam, my Charity takes me from your sight
The greatest Height of pity we express
To shut our Ears from Greifs we can't redress. [*Offring to go.*
Herm. Oh stay upon my Knees I do conjure you.

Move

Move not that way: That killing passage leads
To *Celestina*; And in all your Cruelty
Shew that poor Mercy to the lost *Herminia*,
To stay one little Minute from her Arms.
Tygr. Oh King, can so much Beauty plead in vain?
All those rich pearle, those dear fair Streams of Life
Drop from those Eyes and unreguarded fall.
King. My Brother! *Tygr.* My dread Lord, could'st thou but think
What Glory waits on Majesty, where Virtue
Shines the bright Jem of Diadems, that sweetness
Need not have Knelt thus long. *King. Tygranes!*
Tygr. Thou dear all Soveraign Goodness, turn but one
Kind look, and veiw that lovely Kneeling Mourner
Charming in Tears, and beauteous even in Ruines.
Herm. Kind Prince, no more: spend not thy prodigall Breath
On a poor Outcast Wretch, not worth his Thought.
Tygr. But one one Look. Think but what charms invite thee.
Humanity, Religion, Nature; the
Whole pitying World intreats thee back to Love.
Oh Sir consider rayse your mounting Thoughts
To the exalted charms of Godlike Vertue:
Think what soft Down in Loves rich Bed of Honour,
Fills the calm pillows of embracing Innocence.
King. Oh my *Tygranes.* *Herm.* Yes my dear lov'd Lord
In these incircling Arms these chast Embraces
No guilty Dreams the starts of frighted sin
And pangs of aking guilt will wake your sleeps,
But fair all Heav'nly Forms seale your clos'd Eyes,
And Quires of Angells lull your Golden slumbers.
King, Alas my poor *Herminia,* *Herm.* Oh my Stars!
I see a dawning pity in his Eyes
Break forth my rising Sun and make it all
Immortall Day and ever shining Joys.
Take Take your kneeling Mourner to your Arms;
Take me to love, be kind and bid me live,
And stab my bleeding breaking Heart no more.
King. Thou talk'st, sweet Murmurer——
Tygr. Oh Sir embrace the blessed Minute,
Return to her dear Arms, return to all
The Joys of Earth and the Rewards of Heav'n:
Think but what shining Host of Supliant Saints
Expand their Arms t' embrace thy blest Repentance.
King. My dear *Tygranes,*
My Fame, my Crown, and my Imperiall Cause
Call thee to Arms, to Arms: My muster'd Legions,

And marching Armies wait thee in their head.
Go forth my Son of War: the great To morrow
Leads to the Field.

Tygra. Doubt not that great To morrow;
Be you but Juſt to day. Run to her Boſom:
Oh run, and take her to your pitying Mercy,
Myriads of Joys and thouſand thouſand Bliſſes—

King. Battles and Arms! Hark the Shrill Trump *Tygranes*,
The Alarm of Honour calls.

Tygra. The Trump of Virtue, King;
'Tis that that ſounds to call thy wandring Heart
To theſe abandon'd Arms.

King. The *Scythian* Tyrant,
And *Clariſmunda*'s Wrongs.

Tygr. The *Scythian* Sorcereſs, [*Exit* King *forcing him-*
And loſt *Herminia*'s, Wounds. [*ſelf from them.*

Queen. Too cruell King.
Sure I am not the firſt unhappy Woman
That wept for Broken Vows, and faithleſs Man:
Yet ſure the firſt that ever wept ſo ſoon:
So Young, ſo early loſt, ith' very Morn
Of Love for ever ſett— But generous Prince
So much I owe thee for this wondrous Goodneſs;
What kind Return can this vaſt Debt defray?
What I am too Poor I muſt beg Heav'n to pay. *Exit.*

Tygr. Such charms and this unkind Return! Ah King,
Had thoſe dear Eyes but ſmiled on bleſt *Tygranes*
How had I lov'd! Oh Beauty, in thy whole Divinity
How narrow is thy Attribute of Mercy;
Thy Soveraign power of Life and Death ſo ſhackled,
That in a thouſand Bleeding hearts before thee,
Thy kind repreiving ſmile can ſave but one!
Nay, and that very ſingle Mercy too
Is often dealt with that unlucky Hand,
Made ſome ungratefull taſtleſs Infidells prize,
Whilſt periſhing Truth ſtands by and ſtarving dyes. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Tertij.

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCENE. I.

Celestina and *Rosalin.*

Cel. TH' Embraces of a King! Poor Satisfaction!
A Monarchs Darling, but a Kingdoms Loathing.
All a dishonourd Blot, the Worlds cheap Theme,
And common Tale of every grinning slave.
The Queen!— Ay, she ev'n in her lowest sufferings
Outshines my tallest Pride. The peoples Love
And th' universall pity of mankind
Like perfum'd Sweets embalm her fragrant Fame.
But me their Hate and Scorn; my very Sex
Stand at a Bay all frighted at my Name
And drive me like a hunted Fugitive
From out the Herd of Life. I cannot bear it.
Ros. Dear Madam— *Cel.* Oh thou lying Oracle, where's
My promist Mountains, all your Boasted Miracles!
No; Flattring falshood, tell thy Lord of Darkness
There is no Faith in Hell. Did'st thou not Promise
False Propheteſs, that I should raign in Pleasure.
Ros. If Soveraignty, Dominion; if to hold
A King in Chains, and Crowns in Vassalage, be
To raign in Pleasure, she has perform'd that Promise.
Cel. A King my Slave! poor narrow-bounded Throne!
Thin empty Bliss; for in Possessing His,
I have lost the Hearts of all the World beside.
Nay what has all my mighty Conquest made me
That little despicable Wretch a Harlot.
Oh the foul Blister, Cankers and Distases!
Is there that humblest of my cringing Flatterers,
That waits th' uprising of my morning Smile,
And pays me his (All Hayl) for the snatch'd blessing,
Even with those Lips that kiss the Earth I move on,
No sooner is his fawning Face turn'd from me,
But with a low reviling Eye puts forth
His forked Tongue and hisses at my Shame.
Ros. Why all this fooliſh Murmur! Thus concern'd
For that Course Vulgar Blast the Popular Breath!
Does your exalted Greatness want Their Love!
It is enough they fear you. Fear the noblest
Prerogative, 'twas Fear that first made Gods.
Cel. No, Girle, this Shallow Sophistry— *Ros.* Nay Madam
Your

Your Witches and your Propheycing Devils
I'm sure have done their Part. And if you have still
A giddy roving uncontented Thought,
E'ne blame your own unsatisfyed desires:
If Womans vain Ambition covets more
Then all Hell has to give, 'tis not Hells Fault but Womans.
Cel. But oh my *Rosalin*, I cannot bear
This publick Odium of the World and live.
Only the Mistress of his loose Desires.
His burning Kisses all but Sooty Fires.
That little Outly of his Love, his Mistress. *Ros.* His Mistress!
Why wou'd you be his Queen? *Cel.* His Queen! Ay, that's
A name indeed, that Sacred Post of Honour;
Myriads of pleasures wait the hallow'd Brightness;
A Solid Heaven of Constellated Blisses,
Substantiall Power, untainted Glory: Then
I should have Hearts as well as Knees to serve me.
Ros. His Queen!—Why truly Madam, since your Wishes
Must soar so high, I know no wondrous Stops
That hold their Flight, considering your Ascendant,
The Eyes you wear, and the fond Heart you govern *Cel.* Ha!
Ros. Were the Gordian Bar remov'd between you.
The golden Fruit would meet your reaching Hand,
And fairly bid you carve your own Desires.
Cel. The Gordian Bar remov'd! and fairly carve
My own Desires!—What Bar but poor *Hermivia*?
That feeble Thred—Thou dear inspiring Devil!
Oh what a mountain Thought of vast Ambition—
Comes pouring ore me like a rolling Deluge.
Ros. Madam, Young *Mirvan* the Queens favourite Evnuch.
Waits for Access as your petitioner. *Cel. Mirvan*!
Admit him. *Enter* Mirvan.
Mir. Madam, amongst the universall Knees
All bending to salute the rising Sun,
Might poor I dare t'implore one smiling Beam.
Cel. Push thy fair suit, and try thy generous Fortune.
Mirv. Then Madam, I've a Brother, and a Brother
Not born like me to curse his riffled Cradle:
A Brother that writes Man, and would write Man
In Characters of Blood. A Youth that dares
As much as Courage can, or Honour ought.
And tho' his praise suits not my Mouth, to give
Fair Truth her due, he wears a Sword, he thinks
Too brave to rust, a Boy that wou'd lead Men;
And therefore begs by me your gracious Interest

For

For a Commission for him. *Cel.* If thy Brother,
Sweet Boy, but fights with half the Grace thou suest
He might lead Armys: Well, kind Advocate,
He shall have a Commission, and a Noble one.
Mirv. Thus low my Kneeling Gratitude——
Cel. Rise *Mirvin*.——
This Boy well manag'd—— [*aside.*
Rise, my pretty Suppliant,
Thou look'st and talk'st so winningly, there's nothing
I can deny to that petitioning Face.
Mirv. My Face! 'Tis well
I have a Face to beg a Ladys favour. [*aside.*
Cel. Well, gentle Boy, such early Wit as Thine
Tells me thou know'st the World. How dost thou like
The pleasures of a Court! *Mirv.* How shou'd I like
What I want pow'r to taste? *Cel.* Nay, fye, my Boy.
Thou wrongst my Innocent meaning. *Mirv.* Then to answer
Your Innocent meaning with an Equall Innocence,
That downright Truth your Bounty merits from me
How can I love the Court who hate the World?
Cel. Thou hate it. What have Thy young Years to quarrell at,
That thou should'st hate the World!
Mirv. I had a Father in't.
And for his sake I hate it. *Cel.* For his sake!
Mirv. A poor meanspirited Slave, that got me Man,
And for a wretched Bribe of the Court Gold
Unmade the Thing he got me—— For which I owe him
My honest hearty Curses in his Grave,
And for his sake hate the whole loath'd Creation.
Cel. How *Mirvan* if thou hate'st the whole Creation,
Thou must hate me, and 'tis not safe to talk with thee.
Mirv. Nay Madam (and beleive I Scorn to flatter)
Of all the hated World I love you best:
Because I fancy all those Charms were given you
To do a little Mischief in the World,
That darling Mistress of Eyes dear Mischief.
Cel. Hate the whole world beside? and I alone
The favourite! Nay this is kind indeed.
But may I trust that Kindness? *Mir.* Trust me Madam!
Now by those Eyes I swear, those brig't Incendiaryes
What is't I dare not do to serve that fair Destruction.
Play the proud *Juno* and command me Labours
Like a young *Hercules*; and if I shrink or tire
Say I've a Soul as abject and as base
As the poor frame the Imp of man that holds it.

Cel.

Cel. This is so generous— *Mirv.* Trust me say you.
Nay I will trust you First; and with a secret
Of that prodigious weight. *Cel.* The rarest Tool!
Mirv. Know then the Queen, the more then Widow'd Queen,
Too sad a Mourner at your fatall Triumph
In pure Despair for her deserting Lord
Resolves this very night— *Cel.* Oh my big Hopes! [*aside.*
Mir. In a disguise to leave the Court and Kingdom;
And bury all her Sorrows in a Cloyster.
Cel. To my best wish! [*aside.*] *Mir.* For this Religious Voyage
Who should she choose her Pilot but my self;
Her singular Trust of my confiding Truth,
Has pickt out Me, her only leading Guide
T'her Melancholy Cell.
Peruse this Letter,
Committed to my Care to leave behind her
As her last farewell to her unkind Lord.
Cel. Reads. Letter.

That I have lov'd you even to a Superstition, planted my very Heav'n in Love, the Transports of my Despair too plainly testify. But when my feeble frayltiy can bear my Wrongs no longer, pardon the Effects of what Your Unkindneß is but the too fatal Cauſe, when I thus fly from so much Inhumanity to the Arms of a kinder Heaven.

Herminia.

Mir. Now Madam, as you like it, make your best on't.
Cel. Oh *Mirvan*! now I must believe thou lovest me.
This is so kind a Trust. Thou toldst me too
That thou lov'dst Mischief. *Mir.* Faith, wou'd You durst try.
How much I love it. *Cel.* Sayst thou so, my Boy!
Nay then darst thou be kind, and let me in
A Party to this Plot, a kind Assistant
To hand this Mourning Wanderer to her Cell!
Say, darst thou let me choose her Cloyster for her?
Mir. With all my Soul. If any Noble Spight
Glow warm within your Breast, set it a blazing.
At that sweet Game form your own dearest Wish,
And mould Your slave to serve you.
Cel. To my Arms
Thou kindest little Engine, serve me, but
As the Rewards I'le pay thee shall deserve,
And melt me into Gold. *Mir.* Alas dear Madam,
There needs not a Reward to buy my Faith.
Be but your Great Designs what I can wish 'em,
Without the needless Bribe of Gold or Treasure,
I wou'd give Wealth to purchase such a pleasure. *Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene Changes. Enter Orontes *disguis'd.*

Oron. From *Scythia*'s Throne, and my proud Armies Head,
From ſofter Majeſty, and rougher Wars
All glittering Plumes, all my once bright *Regalia*
Stript to this narrow Shrowd to wrap my Woes,
And bring my Death to *Clariſmunda*'s Feet.
Oh Love! How unaccountable's thy Power.

Enter Clariſmunda *attended.*

Clar. From that loath'd Name———

Oront. From that loath'd Name *Orontes*
To that lov'd Heaven, his cruel *Clariſmunda*,
He has commanded theſe Commiſſion'd Knees
To beg one liſtning Minute.

Clar. Your Petition
Is an Ungrateful Theme. Yet I am not
So deaf to my worſt Foe, but my kind Patience
Shall lend the Ear thou ask'ſt.

Oront. Thus then by me
That Sentenc'd Criminal ſpeaks. If by that faireſt Hand
Death ſhakes his Glaſs, and waves his Brandiſh'd Shaft;
If executing Deſtiny's gone forth,
And meager Graves with all their hungry Yawn
Wait their laſt Gorge of poor *Orontes* Blood:
To his ador'd deſtroying Angels Ear,
Thus breath his Dying Accents.——— Oh Bright Madam!
If Tears that would melt Rocks, if Groans enough
To wake the Sleep of Tombs; if tortur'd Conſcience
Above the very Pangs of loſt Eternity.
And to all theſe a Penitence ſo true,
Enough to unlock Heaven.——If theſe, all theſe
Might beg his Life from Cruel *Clariſmunda*,——

Clar. Could all theſe beg his Life——

Oront. And with that Life
His *Clariſmunda*'s Love.

Clar. My Love! *Oront.* Thy Love,
Dear, all Divine! For without Love 'tis Death ſtill.
Oh could that dear forgiving Mercy take
A pardon'd Penitent to thoſe dear Arms,
Not Ranſom'd Slavery, not Life Reprieved,
Not Crown'd Ambition, nor tranſlated Martyr,
Half, half ſo bleſs'd as he! To thoſe fair Eyes
He'd raiſe thoſe Monuments of mighty Love
Should out-live Worlds; and ſtuiſhing Time cloſe up
His laſt Recorded Volume with the Story
How bleſs'd *Orontes* loved. *Clar.* Miſtaken Advocate

To have tryed the Eloquence of those soft Sounds,
They should have spoke before *Orsanes* Death.

Oront. And does that Louring Vision wake for ever;
The lost *Orontes* Crime so all-impardonable!

Clar. So impardonable, that
To leave the World with my loud wrongs unrighted,
When I shall meet my great Forefathers Souls,
'Twould make me blush in Heaven.

Oront. Too Cruel Fair!

Clar. Sir, I must hear no more. Go bear your Master
This Answer, as my fix'd Eternal Vow;
I will have my Revenge: But tell him too
So much I owe to his Repenting Tears
That when my Arming Wrongs that hunted Blood
Shall spill, I'll give the Executing Blow,
Calm as the Priestess at an Altar Kills,
Yet still must Kill.

Oront. But can that Beauteous Priestess
Accept no gentler Sacrifice, no less
Appeasing Victim than the poor *Orontes*
All streaming Blood? And is one Thought of Mercy
That strange Impossible?

Clar. So much impossible,
Perhaps beyond the Grave I may forgive him,
On this side Death I must not.

Oront. Then dear Cruelty, [*Discovers himself.*
Take, take my thirsted Blood.

Clar. Good Gods, *Orontes*!
Oh King! How poorly thou hast thy self undone?
Hast put thy wretched Life into my Power;
And I must tamely take it. Hadst thou met
My Nobler Vengeance in thy Armies head,
Thrust thy bold Breast against ten thousand Javelins,
Thou might'st have fall'n with Honour, Honour, King!
But now, now I must take this poor Advantage.
(Thou kill'st *Orsanes* poorly)
Forget thou art a King, Uncrown'd, Unthroned,
Led like a Vulgar Slave, bound in Vile Chains,
And at the Tomb of the great *Cyrus*, there,
There through thy humble naked yielding Throat
Hew out my Vengeance, carve thy bleeding Heart
A Sacrifice to *Clarismunda's* wrongs.
My Guards, my Slaves there. [*Enter Attendants, Guards.*

1 *Attend.* Madam, Your Commands?

Clar. If your lost Honour, and your bleeding Country,

An injur'd Monarch, and a Kingdoms ſhame,
Can rouze your Swords——
Oront. Strike, ſtrike 'em through this Breaſt.
Yes, generous Perſians, behold before ye
The black *Orontes, Scythian* Tyrant Lord,
Stain'd in the Blood of Thouſand, Thouſand Perſians;
And the deplored *Orſanes* barbarous Murderer.
But bear me to the Tomb of your great *Cyrus*;
There hew your Vengeance, carve my bleeding Heart
A Sacrifice to *Clariſmunda*'s Wrongs.
Clar. So pleas'd with Fate! Then thou'rt in love with Death!
Oront. So much in Love, that on my Knees I'll meet it.
I wear a Load of uſeleſs Life about me;
And thou'rt ſo kind to eaſe me of my Burthen.
Now Gentlemen, perform your Royal Charge:
Bear me to Death, to Death with the vile Monſter.
Loaded with Chains, led forth a publick Spectacle
To pointing Infamy and hiſſing Scorn:
For that fair Doom will have it ſo.
Clar. Will have it ſo!
Oront. Quick, quick, ye tedious Slaves
Can ſhe ſpeak Death, and you want Wings to execute?
Let not Crown'd-Head, nor King, thoſe titular Sounds
Tye up your Hands, thoſe forfeit Names my Crimes
And this wrong'd Fair——
But bear me to my Death, to Scaffolds, Gibbets,
Stript to a Naked Dungeon Malefactor,
Tread my cruſh'd Soul——
Clar. Stand off ye Impious Villains!
A Monarch's Blood, and ſhed by Hangmens hands!
Oh, whither was my Fleeting Glory going!
His bending Neck like a tame bleating Sacrifice,
A ſtroke beneath my Scorn——But haſte *Arſaces*.
Raiſe all my Perſian Guards, and in their Head
Go, bear him back, back to his moving Armies,
Safe to his headed Legions. There *Orontes*,
At the Proud Front of all thy Royal Squadrons,
With Groves of Spears, and walling Shields around thee,
Rich in thy Creſted Plumes, and Glittering Steel,
Worthy the Perſian Swords, and *Clariſmunda*'s Vengeance,
Strike then my Arm of Fate.
Oront. Oh wondrous Honour!
Even in amazing Cruelty!
Clar. Yes Scythian.
Though all the Perſian Bolts

Are levell'd at that Heart, thy Blood *Orontes*,
My whole rich Game of Death; yet not to snare
My hunted Lyon in Ignoble Toils——
No, King; Return, return; thy Crown, thy Arms,
And Royal Standard want thy leading Sword.——

Oront. So brave a Foe!——

Clar. Reserve thy Sword thy Answer:
Arm'd at the head of slaughter'd Fields, there Scythian
Fall thy great self, Die warm my Royal Enemy;
To morrows hotter Veins my Vengeance pay:
Thy Blood *Orontes* is too cold to Day. [*Exit.*

Oront. Die warm! Yes, Generous Foe, thy envy'd Glory
Shall light my Fire; Despair to Fury turn:
In my last Flash my brightest Blaze shall burn.
Through Blood and Death move on 'gainst all thy odds,
Thy Wrongs, the Arming World, and battailing Gods!
For by those Eyes a Sacrifice decreed,
'Tis just I should a glorious Victim bleed. [*Exit.*

Scene Changes. Enter Celestina, *and* Rosalin.

Cel. The Bolt is shot, and now a Crown stand fair. [*aside.*

Ros. Madam, I'm all Amazement at the News!

Cel. Amaz'd, at what? To hear a mad young Wife
Has took a Midnight's Ramble!

Ros. But the Queen!
Oh Madam! Certainly some strange Despair
Has caused this Secret Flight, perhaps to seek
Some solitary Grot to Sigh and Die.

Cel. To Sigh and Die! Poor innocent Simplicity!
What if she's stoln to some retiring Solitude,
To meet a private Lover?

Ros. How! a Lover!

Cel. Mark the Truth, I tell thee
That very thing a Lover.

Ros. 'Tis impossible!
Such Tears, and so much Nuptial Faith——

Cel. Why, All
That's nothing: Womans Truth like Womans Beauty,
Is not a thing Immortal.

Ros. But dear Madam,
Herminia's rigid Principles of Honour,
And her fond Sighs even for her Faithless Lord,
Admit a Lawless Love! *Cel.* Though it be Lawless
Is it not Love still, Fool? [*Enter King.*

King. Dear Sovereign of my Soul,

Asto's

Asia's fair Pride, and *Persia*'s more than Conqueror,
Thou all amazing Brightness to my Bosom.

Cel. Oh Prince! Encircled in these Arms, methinks
The Transport of my Joys bears my wing'd soul so high
Till I look down on Under-Worlds beneath me.

King. Look down indeed, thou dear Triumphant Fair,
Whilst those poor Under-Worlds all blushing own
Their whole Creation cannot match these Eyes,

Cel. Nay, now you flatter.

King. By those sweets I cannot.
For thine are Charms above the reach of Flattery.
But, Madam, t'add one Trophy to your Eyes,
The poor Resenting Queen (wouldst thou believe it)
Is this Night fled from Court.

Cel. Alas, poor pittied Sweetness!

King. Prithee be kind, and Read this murmuring Scrole,
A Farewel Letter she has left behind her.

Celest. Reads.

That I have Loved you to a Superstition, planted my very Heaven in Love.——Your Unkindness is the too Fatal Cause when I thus fly——to the Arms of a kinder Heaven.

Herminia.

King. That she is gone, and th angry Cause that drives her,
Her Letter speaks too plain. But whither gone?
That she has wrap'd in Mystery. I suppose
I must be kept in Darkness from that Secret.

Cel. Darkness and Mystery! Why is there any thing
In this plain, easie, naked, honest Letter
Writ in that Cypher that it wants a Key to't?

King. Why, Canst thou Read her meaning?

Cel. Fie, my Lord,
Can you not Read it?——Why this idle Question?
You will not Read it, Sir.——And 'tis so generous
I love you for this goodness.

King. Will not Read it!

Cel. Ay, will not, must not: And 'tis Noble in you.
A little innocent Ignorance is sometimes
A Manly Virtue, worthy even a King.

King. Madam, This is all Riddle!

Cel. Riddle!——Nay, Sir, as if you did not know
Where, and to whose Embracing Arms she's gone.

King. Arms, and Embraces!

Cel.

Cel. Ah poor Lady!
We little gueſs the pains of ſlighted Love.
But her Deſpair has took the wiſeſt remedy.
Her Griefs have found a very gentle Cure.
Nay, ſhe's ſo kind to make it her Confeſſion,
And you're more kind to wink at little Frailties.

King. Still you talk in Clouds.
Has ſhe made you the Confident of her Flight,
Or is there ought couch't in that myſtick Scrole
My ſhallow Reaſon has not depth to fathom!
If ſo, 'twere kind you would inſtruct my weakneſs.

Cel. Nay, if you'll force me then to play th' Interpreter,
T'explain a Ladies bluſhing weakneſs. Mark Sir——
She tells you firſt ſhe lov'd t' a Superſtition,
Planted her very Heav'n in your embraces.
And when that ſlighting unkind Heav'n forſakes her,
Tells you, as honeſtly, to ſupply your room,
She'as choſe the Arms of a much kinder Heav'n;
And pray what Heav'n, what Arms, but kind *Tygranes*?

King. My Brother! ha!

Cel. You know he's gone to th' Camp:
And ſhe's as kindly gone to meet him there.

King. God's! 'tis impoſſible.

Cel. Nay, to convince you.
'Tis now ſtale news, even Boys and Varlets talk it.

King. Confuſion!

Cel. The young *Mirvan*, Sir's, my Oracle.
That uſhering Squire to her amorous Errantry;
The Boy (as Boys will talk) the mighty Secret
Alas, too weighty for his tender ſtrength,
Amongſt his ſmall Companions at their parting,
Dropt it behind him, and the Tale thus handed
Amongſt my laughing Slaves it reacht my Ear.

King. So hot my Minion,
A follower of a Camp,
A Leaguer Devil.——

Cel. Nay, now you're too unkind. What has ſhe done?
Remember, Sir, ſhe brought you Youth and Beauty,
And ſcarcely taſted Love before ſhe loſt it;
And if poor Lady, forſaken thus unkindly,
It takes ſome harmleſs freedom. Is't ſo great
A Fault in our poor Sex to look abroad
Only to borrow what we've loſt at home!

King. My Brother too, that Preaching Saint her Stallion!

Cel. Oh fie, Sir, ſuch hard Words, and ſuch ſad Names!

King.

King. Damnation! This is Impudence enough
To fire the Veins of Statues. Had she plaid
The private Wanton, took her scapes in Covert,
In Groves or Shades——— But in the face of Day.
To run t'a Camp, and publish my Dishonour
Before Two hundred thousand Witnesses,
Like a trail'd Scent for the whole Hunting World
To run me down a Monster———

Cel. Now the kind Gods defend your Sacred Peace.
Why all this Rage?

King. Death! At an Armies head,
The Din of War to tune her sporting Dalliance,
'Larm'd to Lust, and Trumpeted to Infamy!

Cel. Nay, if I thought I should have rais'd this Storm!——

King. Now, by the Fame of all my Royal Ancestors
That sleep beneath the Dust, or wake above the Stars
If I show Mercy on 'em———

Cel. How, Sir, Mercy!

King. Bring the returning Fiends but to my reach;
Nor Intercession Victory, Crowns, Laurels,
The Conquer'd *Scythia*, nor *Orontes* Head
Shall buy their forfeit Lives.

Cel. How, Sir, their Lives! Oh Heavens what have I done!

King. Madam, forgive me one retiring Minute,
And think no common Fire my Bosom warms,
When it has pow'r to snatch me from these Arms. [*Exit.*

Cel. Both, both their Lives! A hearty Promise King,
And I'll take care thou shalt perform as heartily.
Yes, through their Hearts my path to Empire lies;
Chalk'd out so plain my Devils must booty play,
If in so fair a Walk I miss my way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene, A Camp. Enter Herminia *and Mirvan.*

Mirv. Command the Chariot to attend.

Queen. Where is't thou lead'st me, Boy!

Mirv. To a Cloyster, Madam.
The silent Cell for your reposing Sorrows.

Queen. But Boy, is this my way!—Methinks I hear,
The sound of neighing Steeds, and ecchoing Trumpets,
And view a spacious Plain before me, cover'd
With Tents and Standarts, say, my gentle Boy
Where am I?

Mirv. In the Camp?

Queen. Ha! In the Camp.

Mirv. The *Persian* Camp.

Queen. Oh Boy, What hast thou done?

Mirv.

Mirv. Nothing, dear Madam; only executed
Your dread Commands.

Queen. Mine!

Mirv. Since the Glorious choice
Of your retiring Solitude, a Shrine
Worthy so bright a Saint, was Charge too weighty
For my young Years, I have conducted you
This way, that kind *Tygranes*——

Queen. How! *Tygranes!*

Mirv. Yes, Madam, that that generous Prince's care
May be your Nobler Guide, and kindly finish
That Sacred Trust my weakness undeserves.

Queen. Good Heaven! The Prince!

Mirv. Madam, I have sent for him.
Pardon th'officious Zeal of your poor Slave.

Queen. Thou rash unthinking Boy *Enter* Tygranes.

Mirv. And see he's here.

Tygr. Madam, a pleasing, but surprizing Message
Told me, that that all beauteous Excellence
My Camp thus Honour'd with her Royal Presence,
Was pleas'd t'have some Commands for poor *Tygranes.*

Queen. Commands, *Tygranes!* No; that idle Boy,
That naughty thing—— Oh Prince, I am all Confusion.

Tygr. Let not a faint desire check your fair Thoughts.
Nor doubt your Vassals Honours, nor Obedience
If there's ought lodg'd within that Sacred Breast,
There needs no more than that dear Breath of Life,
To speak and to create.

Queen. Alas *Tygranes,*
I know not what to say: And yet my Silence
Has such a guilty Look Forgive my Blushes,
And I will speak, Oh Prince, despairing Loves
Tormenting Pangs have brought this wretched wanderer,
Stoll'n from a hated Court.

Tygr. How, Madam!

Queen. Stoll'n
From all the Syrens Songs, and *Circes* Bowls
That from these Arms have stoll'n my dearest Lord.
I have left th'uneasie Load of tarnish'd Diadems,
In some lone Cell to seek my Peace and Grave——
But this unlucky Guide, this foolish Boy——

Mirv. My Royal Mistress too much Honour'd Confident.
But the important Charge too great, my Zeal
For her dear Service has surpriz'd her hither,
Only t'implore your kind assisting Hand——

Tygr.

Tygr. Madam, in this rash Deed, what have you done?

Queen. Done *Tygranes!*
Left Infidelity, Ingratitude,
False Oaths, gay Sin, and glitt'ring Infamie behind me.

Tygr. Yes, left Shame, to meet Shame.

Queen. What says *Tygranes?*

Tygr. What all Mankind must say. Oh Madam, think,
Think what reflecting Names the censuring World
Must give so frail a weakness. Fled from Court,
Run, poorly, run? *Queen.* Yes, with my wrongs.

Tygr. Wrongs, Madam!
Are Wrongs so heavy as to out-weigh Honour!

Queen. And is it that dishonourable Flight
To quit the World, to seek the Arms of Heaven?

Tygr. Heaven must be sought as Heaven prescribes our seeking.
Thou art a Wife, *Herminia*; and the Seal
Of plighted Faith, entail'd Obedience on thee.
Is this Commission'd Flight thy Lords Command?
Or 'cause he breaks his Vows, must thou break thine?

Queen. What's this I hear?

Tygr. Wou'dst thou seek Heaven *Herminia*,
A noble Patience is thy Scale to mount it.
Is it a pain to live too near thy wrongs,
To see thy Lord run Faithless from thy Arms
To an Adultress Bed? Let thy wet Eyes
Turn from his Shame, and weep for his Conversion.
If he be False, wait his return to Truth:
But if he ne'r return, perform Thy part:
Finish thy lingring mourning Race of Martyrdom
And win the Crown of Love.

Queen. Oh Prince, thou talk'st ——

Tygr. As thou shouldst Act *Herminia*. But this mean
Ignoble Flight will blemish all thy Brightness.
Thy Fame, thy Virtue, thy Religion, all
Stand frighted at the Thought.

Queen. Kind Prince, no more.

Tygr. Yes, one thing more, let my prevailing Pray'rs
Recall thy wandring Reason, and return thee
To thy ungrateful Lord.

Queen. Enough, dear Prince,
You've wak'd my Shame, and touch'd my Soul so near,
That I must follow where such Glory leads:

Tygr. Then instantly I'll dispatch a kind Express
T'excuse thy blushing Fault, and smooth thy way.
Till then, this Night accept a poor Pavilion;

Too mean a Palace: But Reſpect and Reverence
Shall make up what the humble Roof has wanting.

Queen. Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe.

Tygr. To Morrows Sun decides the face of *Scythia.*
If Victory ſhall pleaſe t'attend my Chariot,
I'll be my ſelf thy proud returning Guard.
But if I fall, with my laſt dying breath
To the ſurviving World I will bequeath thee,
A charge worthy the World, protected Innocence.

Mirv. It goes on rarely.

Tyg. Look up, dear Madam; Heav'n may ſtill have Joys
Reſerved. But if of all all hopes bereft,
Thy wrongs are all thy mournful portion left;
Shine through thy Clouds, bear thy fair Head above
The frowning World, and mount a ſmiling Star.
In all thy Loads, too low diſdain to ſtoop
'Tis brave to ſuffer, when 'tis poor to droop.

Queen. Herm. Oh Prince, thou haſt read me ſo Divine a Leſſon.
And painted Ruine in a Face ſo lovely,
That thou haſt tuned my Soul to all the Muſick
Of a whole Quire of Angels. Yes *Tygranes*,
To my too cruel Lord I will return
Return to all the Pangs, to all the Miſeries
Of ever mourning Love; Life's bitter Draught
Lift to my Lips with that unſhaking Hand——
For oh thou haſt taught me to be greatly wretched
To be Divinely Bleſt.

Tygr. Do this *Herminia!*

Queen. No more my wandring Pilgrimage, no, Prince,
I'll build my Houſe of Sorrow in a Palace,
Under my Roof of Gold a Hermit dwell;
A Court my Cloyſter, and a Throne my Cell. [*Exeunt all but* Mirv.

Mirv. So now the Toil is ſet, and dear Deſtruction
Comes rolling on apace. What a vaſt Pile
Of Ruine ſhall I build. 'Tis hard *Herminia*,
And I could pity thee——Why ſhould I pity?
My bloody Cradle, and my barbarous Parents,
And ſhall I feel remorſe, when ev'n my Father
To his own Blood ne'r felt it. No, vain pity,
Seek ſofter Breaſts; mine has no room to lodge thee,
Beſides, I move by that commanding Influence
I know not, *Celeſtina*, by what Charm.
But thou haſt bound my Soul, and Nerv'd my Arm,
Joyn'd in thy Cauſe, we that bright Comet Reign,
Thou the Fair Star, and I the Blazing Train. *Exit.*

ACT

Act V.

Enter Celestina, Mirvan, *and* Rosalin.

Cel. REturning home Victorious!
Mir. If to leave
A hundred thousand Foes in Battle slain.
If Conquer'd *Scythia*, and the great *Orontes*
Led home in Persian Chains can write Victorious,
Tygranes wears that Title.
Cel. And to grace
His Victory he brings the beauteous Fugitive
A fair Attendant t'his Triumphant Chariot,
To court the Kind forgiving King's Reception
Of the returning Wanderer.
Mir. If her Religious Ramble (as I've manag'd it)
Has not a little pav'd her Path too rough,
Some such good natur'd Office he intends her.
Cel. And thou my little Harbinger kindly com'st
Before 'em to prepare me for their Welcome.
Mir. Yes, Madam, That's my Errand. For to give
My self, and dear sweet Villany their due,
Mischief and I have both rid Post to serve you.
Cel. My dearest little Devil, how I love thee!
But, *Mirvan*, after this first lucky hit,
Dareſt thou be generous, and play out thy Game?
Mir. Dare! Can you doubt my Courage, or my Constancy?
Is glorious Treason a design too great,
Or this Young Arm too dastard? Have I launch'd
Thus far and stood thus firm to stagger now?
By my fair Truth this poor Suspicion wrongs me.
Cel. It does indeed, sweet Youth, forgive my Fears:
I know thy honest Truth too well —— to trust it. [*aside.*
But my kind Boy, I am afraid I have kept thee
Awake too long. I know this Nights hard Travel
Has tired thy tender Limbs, and thou want'st Rest.
To Bed, my Boy; and when thou hast repos'd awhile
I'll send, my pretty Engineer, and call thee.
Retire sweet Boy, and Sleep —— [*Exit* Mirvan.
——Thy last, young Fool.
Thy Bed, thy Grave. Yes, my kind honest Traytor
Thy hand has done me too much faithful Service
To leave thee a dangerous Tongue alive to spoil it.

Besides my little Tool, my ripining Plot
Has business for thy Death: And better thy Glory:
As thou hast liv'd, so thou shalt serve me Dead.
And therefore sleep thy last.——Now my designs
Are all in my own Breast. Treason's a Jewel
When the rich Cabinet has but one Key.
They're only truly Great who are safely so.

Ros. Well, Madam, Your Prophetick's are all Oracles:
And the mad roving Queens amazing Ramble
Has fill'd the World with wonder.

Cel. Fame indeed
Talks something loud.——

Ros. 'Tis true, the Prince has sent a soft Express,
And smoothly laid it all upon Religion.

Cel. Religion in a Camp.—— Ah, Girl, if the
Soft King has easie Faith enough about him
To think no warmer a Devotion hatch'd
This gentle Pilgrimage, than Zeal and Prayer-Books.
No, *Rosalin*, he's not that blind believer;
I fear thou'lt find that rougher Faith about him,
A gathering that black Storm as will rain Blood.

Ros. *Herminia*'s Blood, and *Celestina*'s Glory,
Her Scaffold, and your Coronation.

Cel. Right;
That sullen Hour that wraps her head in Dust
Wreaths mine in Diadems. *Herminia*'s Grave
The Basis of my Pyramide. 'Tis true,
It is a little hard, thou poor *Herminia*,
To cut so keen as I must. But Ambition,
Ambition gives the blow; and when that strikes
Remorse nor Pity, no faint check controuls
That two-edg'd Fate tho' bar'd with Lives and Souls. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tygranes, Herminia, *and* Orontes *Prisoner.*
Guards and Attendants.

1 *Atten.* A nobler Game of Glory ne'er was play'd:
Fortune set high, a Kingdom on a Battle,
And one bold Throw has swept the mighty stake.

2 *Atten.* By this dear Light that Sun that smil'd to see
The richest Crimson that the Earth e'er dy'd,
Not the proud *Jove* from the defeated Gyants
Return'd with fairer Laurels than *Tygranes*.

Tygr. Enough my generous sharers of my Fame;
Your lavish Goodness plays too much the Prodigal.
My Victory dares not challenge half this Triumph.
'Tis true, the Fortunate *Tygranes* fought,

But

But 'twas the Juſtice of his Quarrel Conquer'd.
Courage is only ours, Succeſs is Heav'ns:——
And for thy Fate, *Orontes* ——

Oront. Mine, *Tygranes*,
Is to curſe Life and Thee; my Life alone
Too much to bear, but Life and Shame together,
That double load of Miſery —— Oh Prince!
When thy keen Sword cut through my Conquer'd Kingdom,
Had it been kind, and carv'd my Heart too, dying
I could have loved thee, but muſt hate thee Living.

Tygr. If thou repineſt at thy ill Chance of War,
Blame thy bad Cauſe. If overtaking Deſtiny
Has dealt thee that hard Lot that does not pleaſe thee,
Remember King thy Ruine is no more
Than thy Deſert, thy Puniſhment, *Orontes*:
And ſufferers are not chooſers of their pain.——
But to perform my laſt juſt Rites of Victory,
Thou *Orimon*, go Viſit our wrong'd Siſter;
And in a Brothers Name bear her that Trophy:
A preſent from her own Triumphant Vengeance.

Oront. To *Clariſmunda*! My too generous Conqueror,
This is ſo kind, I'll thank thee for this Goodneſs
Even in my Grave: For Oh! a Grace ſo high,
Thou giveſt me leave at thoſe dear Feet to die.

[*Exit Guarded.*

Tygr. But hark, the King approaches.
My Beauteous Charge I am thy Champion now:
A prouder Cauſe than all my Scythian Conqueſts.

Enter King attended.

My Royal Lord, low at your Sacred Feet
With the fair Harveſt of your own rich Field,
Thus proſtrate kneels the proudeſt of your Vaſſals,
By your great Cauſe, that fair inſpiring Genius
Led forth to Victory.

King. Mine, *Tygranes*, my
Inſpiring Genius! No; a little, ſure
Of that fair Cauſe, that ſoft Inſpirer.

Tygr. How, my dread Liege!

King. That Beauty, thoſe fair Eyes,
They were ſo kind to See you Conquer. *Tygr.* Sir!!

King. To ſtand the kind Spectator of your Victory:
Oh the fair Hand of a ſoft melting Venus!
To buckle on the Sword of her proud *Mars*;
To plume his Creſt, and ſend him forth to Battle.

Tygr. Death and Confuſion! *Queen.* Oh my blaſted Ears!

Tygr.

Tygr. Oh thou amazing Voice of Royal Thunder
Break forth from thy dark Cloud, thou louring Heav'n,
And say what mean these Mystick Sounds of Horror?

King. Mean! Is that a Question
At this loud Hour of all thy Ecchoing Treason,
The crying Shame of that incestuous Devil.

Queen. Good Gods!

Tygr. Oh King! what false infernal Malice
Dares blast the Fame of that all beauteous Truth.

Queen. For the last Blow to all my bleeding Sufferings,
My Loyal Faith, and all my Mourning Innocence
Transform'd into this hideous Gorgon!

King. Innocence! But my tame Justice sleeps too long.
Sieze this brace of Monsters.

Tygr. Hold angry King!
Oh stop your headlong Fury!
Till the wrong'd Virtue of that brightest Saint
Has wiped the spots from her fair Ermin Whiteness,
Stab'd the foul Falshood through the Canker'd Throat,
And Seer'd the Tongues of Blasphemy.

King. No doubt on't.
Run to a Camp to cool her burning Hell,
And in the height of the ingendring Crocadiles
Whine Heav'n and Sanctity.

Queen. How can I hear these dismal Sounds and Live?

Tygr. Plot, rank Conspiracy! The Camp!
That undesigning Chance the foolish Error
Of an unlucky Boy. But if so slight
A shadow can assume a shape so dreadful,
Sir, let the Boy be call'd, the fatal Cause
Of this accurst Mistake, young *Mirvan*.

King. How! that young Bawd! Dost thou call him thy Witness?
No, thou Grand-Fiend, thou know'st thy wiser Politicks
Have husht that Traytor with a Dose of Poyson.

Tygr. Riddles and Death! Still more mysterious Horror.
Poyson! *King.* Yes Poyson!
Your Midnight Purveyor, your trusty Pandar,
In a return for all his faithful Services,
Your dark designs too great for that weak Counsel-keeper,
By a kind Drug sent Sleeping from the World.
But your thin Arts and all your Cobweb-Veils ——

Tygr. Some most accursed Engine of Damnation ——

King.

King. Dull canting Fool —— But hence, I'll hear no more
Queen. Yes, Royal Sir, Hear your poor wrong'd *Hermania*.
By yon fair Lamps, and fairer Heav'n that lights 'em,
By all the hopes of my Eternal Peace——
King. Whining *Syren* —— But
Treason ne'r wants a Knee, nor Guilt a Tongue,
Sighs, Prayers and Tears are the false Tools they cheat with.
Take 'em away; and house 'em in a Dungeon.
Tygr. Yet hold your mad blind Rage
Till some kind God, the guard of pitried Innocence
In the dear Cause of that all Angel Goodness——
King. Silence that poison'd Breath, vain talking Slave,—— [*Exit.*
Tygr. Oh thou all-ruling Providence, what an
Ungovern'd World thy great first Mover turns,
If Truth has this Reward——And Thou bright Virtue,
Thy most inhumane Wrongs, hard-fated Fair,——
Oh how can the Almighty Justice give
Prevailing Hell this strange unbridl'd Pow'r
Queen. Yes, Prince, Hell has prevail'd, and 'tis a sad
Sad Portion, but if the Divine Dispenser
Has so ordain'd, 'tis not our part to quarrel
Omnipotence; we may wail Misery,
But must not murmure at it.
Tygr. Miracle,
Of Goodness.
Queen. No, *Tygranes*, if the Toil
Of Fate is set, and our pursuing Blood hounds
Have caught our hunted Lives, our Stars have dealt us
The hardest Lot on Earth, only to purchase
The fairest Crown in Heaven.

Enter a Messenger who speaks to the Officer that has the Custody of the Queen and Tygranes.

Mes. 'Tis the King's Pleasure
That Execution be dispatch'd immediately.
The Queen and Prince are both those popular Darlings,
Delay may be unsafe; and for that reason
He calls this hastning blow.
Officer. Curse on the Office. [*Aside.*
If forc'd Obedience to the King's Command, } *Kneels to the*
And the ungrateful Duty I must pay, } *Queen and Prince.*
May hope a Pardon.——
Queen. If the King Commands
Rise and Obey: Thy Part, poor Slave, is innocent,
If he must Kill, and guiltless Veins must bleed,
The Axe is blameless, 'tis the Judge that's cruel.

Tygr.

Tygr. But, cruel King, thou merciless Arm of Fate:
Have all my Laurels, And what's more than Laurels?
Has that chaste Mourner deserv'd his hard hard Fate?

Queen. What we have deserv'd, *Tygranes*
Is ours no more; What we must suffer, Prince,
Is all our Business now? We must prepare
For Death, Death! Is that all? Witness ye Pow'rs,
That I dare Die—— The only pain in Dying
Will be to leave a blotted Name behind me,
The branding Blazon of Recorded Infamy.

Tygr. No, thou fair Saint,
To Die's too much; fear not a Second Murder.
Treason and Perjury may have pow'r to Kill
The Innocent, but not Innocence. The Martyrdom
Of Honour, Slander'd Truth, and traduced Virtue
Are so Divine a Charge, that care of Providence,
That if no earlier Justice wakes to right 'em,
The very Prodigies of Heav'n and all
Their aiding Miracles rise up their Champions.
Thy Fame, *Herminia*, must not dye, though thou must.

Queen. Shall my Fame live? Nay, then to death lead on.
Lye white my Winding-Sheet, and soft my Grave.
But Prince, must thou bleed too? *Herminia*'s Ruines
Pull down thy Fate with mine. Thy Blood *Tygranes*!
This is too much, ye Gods. How shall I make
My last great Audit at th' Eternal Throne,
For thy unhappy Death. At my own Grave
There I can smile, but I must weep for thine.

Tygr. A tear, that fair rich Pearl of Life for me!
My poorer Veins not worth the care of Heav'n!
When such neglected brighter Virtue bleeds.
But, if the generous Fair, must play the Prodigal,
Oh! let me teach thee how to give me Blessings
Beyond the price of Lives: When on thy Throne
Thy radiant Throne of Stars those Eyes I meet
To obtain in Heaven what was on Earth too great,
Shall I have leave to kneel at those dear Feet?

Queen. Yes Prince, thou shalt kneel there. And if there be
One richer, fairer Coronet above
For wondrous Truth, and more prodigious Love,
O're that dear Brow with the Jewn'd Wreath I'll stand,
And Crown thee Martyr with my own kind Hand.

Tygr. Nay, then to Death, to Life, to Glory, all
At one kind Blow.

Queen. And oh to meet that Blow

With

With all the pomp of Martyrdom we'll go,
And Shine above, to Light the World below. [Exeunt.

Scene Changes, Enter Oronte and Clarismunda.

Oront. To Heaven the dearest, and on Earth the Fairest,
Thy Guardian Gods have done thee Justice now.
A Hundred thousand slaughter'd *Scythian* Ghosts,
In the fresh Blushes of their Crimson Gore,
Walk the black *Strand*, to tell the trembling Shades
The wondrous Tale of *Clarismunda's* Vengeance.

Clar. Yes, King, my Stars at last are just.

Oront. So just, that all yon bright Eternals,
The Pow'rs that guid the Night, and guide the Day,
Rank'd their embattell'd Fires for *Clarismunda*,
All the proud Champions in thy darling Cause:
So keen the Sword that arming Beauty drawn.

Clar. If aiding Heav'n has battel'd on my side,
It has no more than plaid its own Revenger;
Mine are Heavens wrongs, their own Divinest Image
Stabb'd in my Wounds, and their own scourge has punisht 'em

Oront. If their own scourge has punish'd 'em, and all
The pouring Vials of immortal Wrath
Have fill'd the whole embitter'd Draught of Woe,
May I have leave to ask that beauteous Judge
Is her avenging Sword of Fate yet satisfied,

Clar. Satisfied!

Oront. That Sword, thou dear Divine Destroyer.
After such streams of Blood, and piles of Graves,
Is the keen Death, the reeking Point still drawn
At poor *Orontes* Heart?

Clar. Indeed thou askst that Question———

Oront. I would have thy Mercy answer.
Say, thou All-Angel Sweet, if angry Heaven
Has emptied all its Quivers on this Head,
Has *Clarismunda* still new Bolts to Kill.

Clar. New Bolts! No, wretched King, those righteous Pow'rs
Have made my Wrongs that ample satisfaction,
I now can ask no more.

Oront. If those kind Powers
Have paid thee all the whole indebted Summ,
May I presume to ask that fair Offended,
If a poor punisht Criminal, his stains,
Wash'd with the Blood of thousand thousand Lives,
From tott'ring Pow'r, and falling Empire lost,

From all the glitt'ring Wreaths of Royal Honours,
Crouch to base Chains, a vile inglorious Slave,
Say, is this little Out-cast of the World
Still that strange hateful Monster?

Clar. No, *Orontes*,
Thou'rt fain so low, I must not hate thee now.

Oront. What says that Breath of Life?

Clarif. Must hate no more.
No, suff'ring Wretch, thou hast met thy Crimes Reward:
And Justice, when her executing Aim
Has struck the Blow, turns her veil'd Eyes away
And sees the Guilt no more. On thy proud Throne
And tow'ring at thy prouder Armies head
When Death met Death, and Thunder grapled Thunder,
Oronles then in all thy circling Glories
The Tyrant Lord of Pow'r was worth my Frown,
I could look up and hate thee, down I must not.

Oront. Then farewell Empire, Thrones, Dominion, all
The plagues of Pow'r, and curse of Crowns farewel.
And my dear Chains, and Glorious Misery Welcome.
For now she hates no more, Chains that blest Sound,
Ye great Angelick Quires, immortal Sweets
Perfume the hallow'd Breath, and bear it round
The ecchoing Skies, and all the list'ning Globe
That *Clarisminda* now can hate no more.
My Chains, my Fetters! No, thou Dear all Heav'n,
My Bracelets, strings of Pearl, and links of Gold ——————
But thou all Sacred Sweetness, cou'd that kind
Unclouding Brow to all this infinite Goodness
Add one rich Blessing more, cou'dst thou love too ——————

Clar. Love! Love!

Oront. Yes, Love, thou All-descending Goodness:
Turn not those beauteous Eyes away. Oh Arm
Those pointed Deaths no more. I am no longer
The black *Oronles* now: 'twas *Scythia's* Tyrant
Pride and Ambition's Purple Devil, all
The burning Hells of Power that sinn'd against thee.
But I am now no more. No, thy kind Brother
Like the Great *Jove* has crusht the tumbling Giant,
Stript all my guilty Greatness to a little
Poor naked Slave, an humble crawling Wretch
The Sceptre'd Savage, and Imperial Monster,

Those

Those hideous Names all banish from the World,
And I am nothing now but kneeling Love.
And if that pardoning Mercy ———
Clar. Oh *Oronte*.
Thy Tears, thy Penitence, and to Crown all
Thy murmuring Love pleads with that courting Eloquence —
But ha! What says my Heart?
Oront. Oh speak thou dearest Oracle of Life,
Breathe the Celestial Sound — Methinks I saw
The pitying God in those relenting Eyes
Just issuing down with all his glitt'ring Mercy,
But those seal'd Lips shut up the lovely Paradise,
And cruelty hold back the kind descending Heav'n.
Clar. Well Prince, if I must speak, — But oh forgive
My blushing weakness, when these Eyes must tell thee,
That thou hast conquer'd, thou hast conquer'd, King,
My tenderest melting Souls all softest Pity.
Oront. And cou'd that softest Pity ———
Clarif. Aske no more:
For beyond Pity 'tis all vast Eternity,
The All my utmost Life can ever give thee.
Oront. The All.
Clarif Alas! my Love's beyond my Pow'r.
But I have given too much, Hence from my Sight;
For from this Hour I ne'r must see thee more.
Oront. No more!
Clarif. Retire without Reply, lest my reviving Wrongs,
Recall my prodigal blushing Mercy back.
Yes, Fly to some far corner of the Earth
Whilst I have pow'r to give thy pitied Sufferings
This last kind Tribute from my melting Eyes,
Go, and bear with thee round the wander'd World
A Sigh from *Clarismunda*.
Oront. 'Tis enough
That Sigh, that Pity, all Eternal Bliss,
And, Gods, I ask no more. ———
But, Madam, when I fly from those dear Eyes,
The wander'd World will be too short a Walk.
No, *Clarismunda*, Love's last Race must run,
Beyond the narrow Travels of the Sun;
Far above Worlds, and Days dull mortal Light;
Thus he takes Wing, and thus sets out his Flight. *Stabs himself.*

Clar. By thy own Hand thy Hearts last pouring Flood,
Oh King! so kind a Stream, this rich atoning Sacrifice
Has wash'd thee all so White, and touch'd my Soul so near,
That I must whisper in thy dying Ear;
Had I a Heart to give 'twere all thy own.

Oront. Oh Divine Harmony! Now I am blest.

Clar. Oh generous Prince! thou fill'st my painting Veins
With all that tender'st warmth: But haste, oh haste!
Mount the bright Stars, and bear this Message with thee:
When thou shalt meet thy own great Martyr there;
Tell him, thou hast left
His *Clarismunda* a Divided Heart;
Thine all my Pity: all my Love *Orsanes.*

Oront. Yes Madam, I'll obey your blest Commands;
Speed, speed my Posting Soul, and when we meet, *Orsanes*,
I'll Rival thee in Heaven. But oh! how much are all
My Sighs o'erpaid to die in these blest Arms;
How worthless is dull Life, when Death's all Charms. [*Dies.*

Clar. Now all the work I had on Earth is done!
My Dear *Orsanes*, that long waiting Bridegroom,
Holds an immortal Chaplet for my Brow.
Shut from the World, then to a Cell I'll fly:
There my dear Winding-sheets, my Robe of Glory,
Sweet Death's kind call with bending Knees I'll stay,
The Trump to my great Coronation-Day. [*Exit.*

Scene Changes. *Enter* Celestina *and* Rosalin.

Ros. What can this mean! Not Lunacy more wild!
Her wander'd Reason, and distracted Senses
Stung with that strange *Tarantula* ——

Cel. Hush, *Mirvan*! Not a word.— Should Boys tell Tales——
Not for a thousand Worlds. I'll have the Secret
Shut in a Marble Chest, lock'd up in Graves,
Deep as the Center of the groaning World,
That not one angry murmuring God shall hear it——
But ha! we are betray'd, betray'd dear *Mirvan*!
See there that grinning *Turquin* in the Hangings,
Looks with a listning Face—— and yonder Parrot,
Oh 'tis a prating Bird——The Air will breath it,
Winds whistle it, Ravens croke it——

Ros. Dear Madam——

Cel. Rosalin! Ha, art thou here!

Ros

Ros. Yet, Madam, a poor Mourner.—

Cel. Oh he, in Tears, and on my Wedding day!
This is unkind: Ay, Girl, I am to be Married,
Doſt thou not ſee the Courting kneeling King!
Oh 'tis the fondeſt fool to make a Husband.
That kind believing thing. See he preſents me
A Bracelet ſtrong with bleeding Lovers Hearts,
And every Pearl a Tear of dying Innocence——
Poor *Herminia*,
Doſt not thou hang a bluſhing Ruby there.

Ros. Gracious Heav'n!

Cel. Who talks of Heav'n? Oh 'tis a Golden Palace,
Where my kind *Mirvan*, *Jove*'s dear Darling *Ganimede*,
Fills the proud Thunderers Imperial Bowl,
To quaff the World's Confuſion.

Ros. Oh my Fears!
There's ſomething talks in theſe wild Dreams!

Cel. Fear *Roſalin*!
What canſt thou fear, my Wedding Robe won't pleaſe me!
Ah no! 'tis dyed in that deep Royal Crimſon
Not all the Waters of the Sea can whiten.

Enter King, Attendants, and Guards.

King. What's this I ſee! Why this diſorder'd frame!
Is this a Dreſs? Is this a Brow, when Diadems
Wait your receiving Hand. The canker'd Sweets
Of Lawleſs Joys no more,
Prepare to mount the bright Crown'd Queen of *Perſia*.

Cel. The Queen of *Perſia*! Queen of Hell, dull Fool—
Look, *Roſalin*, look—

Ros. Look, Madam!

Cel. Doſt not ſee
Yond' wrinkled wither'd Witch, the ſooty *Proſerpine*!
She with that dowdy Face, Great *Pluto*'s Queen,
Enthron'd the Glorious Partner of Damnation;
And *Celeſtina* but a puny Devil!
No, by yond' ſpightful Stars, I cannot bear it.
I'll daſh the tumbling Hag from her proud Seat,
Snatch from her flaming Brow her blazing Diadem,
And mount her burning Throne.

King. All raving Frenzy.
But tell me honeſt *Roſalin*, how long
Have theſe ſtrange Phantoms all theſe waking Dreams
Shook her ſoft peace?

Roſ.

Ref. Since fair *Herminia's* Death.

Col. Who names *Herminia's* Death—I will not hear it.
There's Treason in the sound.——But see! Oh Ile!
She comes, she comes, she comes! [*The Ghost of* Herminia *and*
—— Oh my sick Eye-balls! *Tygranes descend in Glory.*
How have I sin'd to wake these hideous Forms!
Have I done more than all my Sex beside?
Alas, the poorest Lowborn Peasant Girl,
That never heard of Crowns above a Garland,
Yet but to Reign the Sovereign of the Plains,
And have the bending Knees of Swains and Bores,
Wou'd cut through Hearts and Lives to be a Queen:
And I have done no more.

King. What says my Fairest?

Col. Say King! I say thou smellst too rank of Blood,
Blood, easie cheated Fool!

King. Death and Confusion!
There's something in this dark mysterious Horror
That strikes my aking Soul.— Pray Heav'n the poor
Tygranes and *Herminia*——

Col. Are a blest pair of ever Royal Martyrs.
Innocence, Innocence, Innocence! Betray'd by me,
And by thee Murder'd!

King. Murder'd! Oh——

Col. But look all Heavenly Fair, cloath'd and enrob'd
With the rich Beams of pure immortal Day.
Myriads of Angels, and Eternal Quires
All waiting for their Coronation Glory.
Yes, mount fair Stars, ye radiant Twins of Light,
Whilst I must set in Everlasting Night. [*Dies.*

King. Dead! Thou fair Curse and Painted Sin farewel.
Oh that my shame and Guilt were with thee Dead.
Ah no! a thousand Racking Tortures live
To tear my sinking Soul. Oh Blood Blood! Blood!
Herminia! Poor wrong'd sweetness, could the price
Of Crowns or Worlds restore thee to my Arms——
No, Lovely Truth, too late we find thy Charms.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Rogers*.

WELL, Gentlemen, our Author bids me say,
He Treats you with an Out-of-fashion Play.
His fair Court Miss, perkt in her Raigning Glory,
In the late Age had been a modish Story.
But now the old dull Tale will never do——
And yet I'll Swear the Play has something new.——
New, did I say? Yes, if it has no more,
Here's Two new Legs, you never saw before.
Nay, and what's more, they come to Court you see:
Ay, Sirs, You see what Wonders you can do;
Bring a young Suppliant to those Sweet Faces,
To beg to our poor Play your kind good Graces.
Faith Sirs, for once lay by your Critick Thunder,
Not for the Senseless Poet, Hang him Blunder,
But for Our sakes Your angry Vengeance stay:
Consider, Sirs, this is the Womens Play.
And when we woo't your Favour, sure you are
Not so hard-hearted to deny our Prayer.
Besides, let me intreat, baulk not a poor
Petitioner, that never begg'd before.
Grant me but this First Suit, a Boon so easie,
And in Return, I'll one day hope to please ye.
Encouraged by your Smiles a Beam so fair
Here's Two Good Works at once, for I Declare
You will both save a Play, and make a Player.

BOOKS *Lately Published by* E. Roper, and E. Wilkinson.

1. A Continuation of all the Nobility of England, [illegible] to this time.
2. The [illegible] and Maxims of Pleading.
3. [illegible] of [illegible]. The [illegible]
4. The [illegible] of the Life of [illegible] the pretended Captain [illegible].
5. The Reports of Serjeant [illegible] in the Court of [illegible].
6. *Distressed Innocence*, Or, The *Friends of Justice*. [illegible] the Author of this Play.
7. The Preparatory Office to the Devout Reception of [illegible] Holy Sacrament. By [illegible], D. D.
8. The *State of Innocence*. By [illegible] Dryden.
9. *Walker of Coins and Medals*.
10. *Ray's* Collection of *North-Country Words*.